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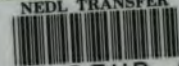
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# APPLETONS' HOME A READING BOOKS

UNCLE ROBERT'S  
GEOGRAPHY

•II•

ON THE FARM

|| PARKER ||

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# **Appletons' Home Reading Books**

EDITED BY

**WILLIAM T. HARRIS, A. M., LL. D.**

**UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION**

DIVISION I

**NATURAL HISTORY**









THE PLAYHOUSE.

*APPLETONS' HOME READING BOOKS*

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# UNCLE ROBERT'S GEOGRAPHY

EDITED BY FRANCIS W. PARKER

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## II LIBRARY ON THE FARM

BY

FRANCIS W. PARKER

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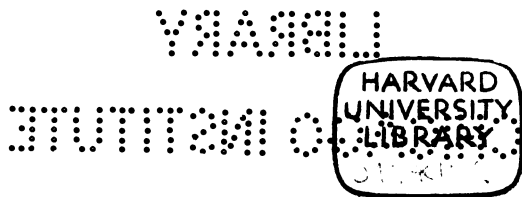
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NELLIE LATHROP HELM



NEW YORK  
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY  
1898

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## PREFACE BY THE EDITOR OF THE HOME-READING BOOKS.

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THE publishers take pleasure in offering to the public, in their Home-Reading Series, some books relating to the farm and other aspects of country life as the center of interest, written by Colonel Francis W. Parker, the President of the famous Cook County Normal School, in Chicago. For many years the teachers of the common schools of the country have been benefited by the inventions of Colonel Parker in the way of methods of teaching in the school-room. His enthusiasm has led him to consider the best means of arousing the interest of the child and of promoting his self-activity for reasonable purposes.

The Pestalozzian movement in the history of education is justly famed for its effort to connect in a proper manner the daily experience of the child with the school course of study. The branches of learn-

ing taught to the child by the schoolmaster are necessarily dry and juiceless if they are not thus brought into relation with the child's world of experience. Almost all of the school reforms that have been proposed in the past one hundred years have moved in this line. The effort to seize upon the child's interest and make it the agency for progress has formed the essential feature in each. In this reform movement Colonel Parker has made himself one of the chief influences.

The rural school has held a low rank among educational institutions on account of the inferior methods of instruction which have prevailed by reason of the fact that the children were too few and their qualifications too various to permit the forming of classes. Children in various degrees of advancement from A B C's to higher arithmetic, and yet numbering only ten, twenty, or thirty in all, are enrolled under one teacher. Most branches of study could muster only one or two pupils in each class: Five to ten minutes a day is all that can be allowed in such cases for a recitation. No thoroughness of instruction on the part of the teacher is possible, nor is there much improvement to be expected in the method of instruction where classes can not be formed. The benefactor of the country school therefore looks to other devices than class instruction, and the author

of this book has shown in what ways the teacher of one of these small schools may extend his influence into the families of his district, encourage home study initiate practical experiments.

It is expected that the teacher, besides his daily register in which he records the names and attendance of his own pupils, will keep a list of the youth of the district who have been in attendance on the school but have left to take up the work of the farm, and that he will endeavor by proper means to persuade them to enter upon well-planned courses of reading. Occasional meetings in the evening at central places, or on some afternoons of the week at the schoolhouse itself, will furnish occasions for the discussion of the contents of the books that have been read, and experiments will be suggested in the way of verifying the theories advanced in them.

Not only can the mind of the country youth be broadened and enlarged in the direction of literature and art, and of science and history, but it can be made more practical by focusing it upon the problems connected with the agriculture and manufactures of the district.

This indicates a career of usefulness for the ambitious teacher of a rural school. There is a large field for the discipline of the directive power open even for the humblest of teachers in the land.



These books of Colonel Parker, if read by the school children, and especially by the elder youth who have left school, will suggest a great variety of ways in which real mental growth and increase of practical power may be obtained. The ideal of education in the United States is that the child in school shall be furnished with a knowledge of the printed page and rendered able to get out of books the experience of his fellow-men, and at the same time be taught how to verify and extend his book knowledge by investigations on his environment. This having been achieved by the school, nothing except his indolence, or, to give it a better name, want of enterprise, prevents the individual citizen from growing intellectually and practically throughout his whole life.

W. T. HARRIS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *August 12, 1897.*

## AUTHORS' PREFACE.

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No one who studies little folks can fail to notice the variety, the breadth, and intensity of children's interests—interests that spring from instincts the realization of which means life, growth, and character; their suppression, stupidity and intellectual death.

Play, or elementary work; labor, indoors and out; observation, experiments filling the mind with beautiful and useful images; the joy of myth life; the keen delight in everything that lives and grows—plants, animals, indeed all that is—stones, pebbles, sand, clay, puddles in the road after a rain, running water in every form from the rivulet to the river; the free and joyous life in field and wood—childish worship at the shrine of Na-

ture—all these and many more are the objects and means by which instincts spring into spontaneous action, arouse the energies of the entire being, set free the imagination, shape and direct the child's incessant activity and tireless energy.

Spontaneous activities or reactions upon environment are the sure indications of the depth, strength, and movement of a child's instincts, of that which, if fostered and directed, grows into intellectual vigor, moral power, and æsthetic taste—in a word, all the essential qualities of which character consists.

The recognition and appreciation of the incalculable educative value of spontaneous activities sum up the best that modern education has brought us. Nothing is more deplorable than the failure to understand the intrinsic worth of the tendencies which reveal the child's soul. Spontaneous activities die in an atmosphere of non-recognition and suppression. The best in a child is too often looked upon as "childish," and therefore worthless. Traditional education separates,

or tries to separate, the child from himself; it ignores power gained by play, work, and observation; it depreciates the best, and fruitlessly strives to build without foundations.

The child's great need is a full and complete recognition on the part of parents and teachers of the immense value of spontaneous activities as displayed in motive and interest. This recognition should be followed by active encouragement and direction of the child's play, work, and observations. "As is the teacher so is the school" is an old and trite saying, to which may be truthfully added, "and so is the home." The demands of the school control to a marked extent the education, or lack of it, in the home.

Children often do wrong because they receive no sympathy in right doing. They seek a solace in vicious enjoyment because their innocent pleasures are suppressed. Every child loves flowers and birds. At the right time the parents ask sympathetic questions, make suggestions, give directions, and create opportunities. This is illustrated by

Susie's garden, Uncle Robert's simple lessons in bird lore, the mother's interest in the play-house, and her encouragement of Susie's desire to make bread.

Children love to do good, useful things—to do that work which creates in them a strong, abiding feeling of self-usefulness. The main factor in the parents' training consists in giving them opportunities to do that which they love to do, and at the same time work that to them has a *purpose* and a *meaning*. Mere desultory, scrap-wise drudgery that has in it no apparent reason, leaving the doer no self-choice, fails to excite independent action and to stimulate creative power.

“On the Farm” deals entirely with the interests and life of children in the environment of the country. The children are real ones, and their experiences find parallels in thousands of other children. Parents should read the book with their boys and girls.

FRANCIS W. PARKER.

NELLIE LATHROP HELM.

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## TOPICAL ANALYSIS.

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**NOTE.**—On the Farm deals with the interests of children who are fortunate enough to have an environment of a country home and Nature.

### CHAPTER I.—SHADY NOOK.

Susie is living in a world of her own construction. The play-house is to her, through childish fancy, a real home. Her family consists of a doll and a cat. Her visitors are the birds. The myth is to become real some day. The play life fosters the germs which go to strengthen a life of future usefulness and happiness.

### CHAPTER II.—THE BUILDERS.

A child study of bird life. The nests, the habits, and habitats excite the children's curiosity. The suggestions and directions of Uncle Robert arouse a deeper interest and lead to more earnest study. This close observation insures an abiding interest in bird life which will never fade.

### CHAPTER III.—BARRI.

An intelligent dog has much to do with the pleasure and even the education of children. Kind treatment is one of the main factors in the development of moral life. The story of Barri's ancestry arouses an interest in other lands and environments essentially different from the children's own. It takes them to the mountains, to historic lands, and unconsciously the deeds of



Barri's brave ancestor teach them lessons of love, courage, and generosity.

#### CHAPTER IV.—OTHER DOGS.

The immediate object of interest never fails to arouse interest in like objects that lie beyond the sense grasp. What they know of Barri makes them wish to hear about other dogs, and they listen eagerly to stories concerning them. The homes, the habits, the uses of the shaggy Newfoundland, the sagacious and skillful collie, the barkless, burden-carrying Eskimo dog, take the children in imagination to different parts of the world, and in the most natural way they begin the study of history and geography.

#### CHAPTER V.—THE GARDEN IN THE WOODS.

Susie is particularly fortunate in having the woods for a playground. Its lessons are many and ever changing. The forest flowers are joys forever to children. Flowers are God's smiles. They manifest beauty and love. Many a university student, wrestling with the higher problems of botany, deploras the fact that a spontaneous love for plant life, which always means a close observation of that life, was not encouraged in childhood. Students of child study claim that the time for all-sided observation is between the ages of five and eleven years. Spontaneous activities have definite limitations. Unless suggestive directions and encouragement assist the learner at the right time and in the right way, the enthusiasm is dissipated and lost forever. No after-study can ever possibly make good the wasted opportunities of early childhood.

#### CHAPTER VI.—THE RABBITS.

A child's contact with animals cultivates either kindness or cruelty. Cruelty, as a rule, is the result of thoughtlessness, carelessness, and ignorance. Animals are children's companions and friends. Thoughtful suggestion may change the child's attitude toward them. Donald catches the rabbits for his own pleasure, but sets them free when he recognizes the fact that wood life will make his little friends happier.

## CHAPTER VII.—SUSIE'S FIRST LOAF.

There may be exceptions to the rule, but I think that good, competent housewifery—that housekeeping which makes the world's center, *home*, what it should be—is learned in early childhood. The imitative faculty, so strong in childhood, can be turned in the direction of comfort, beauty, and last, but not least, nutrition. Good cooking is one of the highest marks of civilization, and the art of preparing food for the inner man is second only to that of preparing food for the soul.

## CHAPTER VIII.—GOLDEN GRAIN.

The elementary study of foods in the kitchen and on the table is an excellent preparation for the study of food products all over the world. Again it may be said that interest in objects present to the senses is the keynote to like objects that are far away. Flour, a food staple, may be traced to wheatfields, to sowing and reaping, to the mills. Then comes the very interesting history of making flour, and the comparison of the rude implements of the savage with the present perfected machinery.

## CHAPTER IX.—MOTHER'S VISIT.

The thoughtful review of early experiences gives us a deep insight of child life. Susie's mother shows her love and sympathy by relating the story of her own childhood, and her little daughter's life is made richer by the delightful picture of her mother's early days. The absorption of a child in her play work is the measure of the good which she gets from it. A mother's intuition discovers this important truth and makes her appreciation a potent factor in her child's enthusiasm and earnestness.

## CHAPTER X.—IN THE BARN.

The pigs, the chickens, the turkeys, are the child's companions and friends. Horses, next to dogs, come nearest to him. The barn, filled with sweet hay, the home of the sheep, the cattle, and the horses, is a place that lingers in the farm boy's memory forever. Lying flat on the odorous hay, and dreaming of the beyond,

or, with good company, telling stories and foretelling one's future, is a part and an essential part of his life.

#### CHAPTER XI.—BIRDS' NESTS.

A lively interest once properly stimulated rarely dies. A working knowledge of any branch of natural science opens new worlds to its possessor. A bird lover listens to every note and watches every mark of his favorites. It is possible to arouse and sustain a deep interest in all branches of natural science early in life, and to lay the foundation of a broad and enduring culture.

#### CHAPTER XII.—THE HOME GARDEN.

No employment brings into closer correlation all the objects and subjects of Nature study than gardening. Here we have the study of soils, mineralogy, heat, air, moisture, meteorology, seeds, bulbs, germination, plant life, botany. Once interested through actual work—preparation of soil, planting, hoeing, irrigation—the enjoyment is continuous and never failing. The seed, the growth, the flower, the fruit, and the winter sleep are all miracles of Nature and manifestations of the Divine.

#### CHAPTER XIII.—UNCLE ROBERT'S LETTER.

The uncle far away, who takes such a deep interest in his niece and nephews, is a natural and stimulating influence in the development of the children. A letter from him always leads them to something beyond. His suggestions meet with quick response. Because the children come naturally to a study of plants and animals through the fostering of their own interests, they feel the importance of a further knowledge, and thus spontaneous play leads directly to close and careful study.

# ON THE FARM.

## CHAPTER I.

### SHADY NOOK.

"ROCK-A-BY baby on the tree top ;  
When the wind blows the cradle will rock ;  
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,  
Then down will come cradle, baby, and all."

"Lie down, Marianna, and go to sleep.  
That's right ; shut your eyes, and I'll sing some  
more."

Marianna always shut her eyes when she  
lay down. She was well brought up.

On the swaying branch high up in an elm  
tree an oriole sat beside her nest, while the  
breeze rocked her babies to sleep.

The blue jays left the tree tops and hopped  
among the bushes.

A timid wood thrush glided noiselessly  
into the thicket. Far across the sunny mead-

ow the clear, sweet tones of the meadow lark rang out.

By twisting their necks a bit the blue jays could peep into the house from which the voice came. It was the best kind of a house for peeping into, for the whole front was wide open.

It had been hard to choose the place for it. Even the bluebirds, fussy little bodies that they are, never had such a time finding just the right place for a home. But, as it is with the bluebirds, when the place was chosen the rest was an easy matter. It was a wise builder who chose the spot. Not a bird of them all could have done better.

Back of the house lay the deep, cool, shady woods. Before the open front spread the sunny pasture. Near the fence were a few trees that looked as if they had jumped over into the field to make a shady corner for the little home.

It was called "Shady Nook." Uncle Robert gave it the name. They wrote him all about it.

The house was in the corner of a zigzag fence. The rails of the fence made the best of walls for summer weather. Through them the breezes could always enter without knocking, and the sunbeams could come dancing in with the breezes.

Over the top rails were laid some old boards and slabs. That made the roof. Then the house was ready for the furniture.

As the blue jays peeped in at the door they saw the little mother rocking back and forth as she sang to her baby. They did not know that her chair was only a piece of log sawed square off and set on end. Neither did they know that the rocking part was in her own little body, and not in the chair at all. Even if they had known all about it they would have thought it quite the best way. It surely looked so.

They could see the cupboard too. Its one shelf, filled with dishes, fitted snugly into the corner. A tiny teapot, all that was left of a set to match it, stood proudly to the front.

An odd paper parcel lay on the shelf. The birds could not see the round golden cookies in it. They did see the big rosy apple beside it, and it was all the saucy blue jays could



The corner cupboard.

do to keep from flying in at the open door and setting their sharp little beaks into it.

By the time the birds had seen all of this the baby was asleep.

"I must make some catnip tea for Marianna," said the

little mother. "She doesn't seem well. I think she has a cold."

A small tin pail of sparkling spring water was on the table. A kettle, which had parted with its spout long ago, stood near. She

poured some of the water into the kettle and set it over the fire. The stove was made of four stones. The sticks were carefully laid and were always ready. Then she put on a pink sunbonnet, almost as big as herself, and went out to gather the catnip.

When she came back she picked off the fresh green leaves and put them into one of the cups. She poured the water from the kettle over them. Then they were left to steep.

"Now it is time to get dinner," said the little housekeeper, bustling about. "I'll have it ready when Marianna wakes up. She's sure to be hungry. I'll set the table first."

A tiny white cloth was spread over the box that served for a table, and the dishes were set out. The cookies from the paper were laid on a plate.

How the birds did twitter when they saw it all !

It was to be a boiled dinner, so the apple was cut into potatoes, beets, corn, and cabbage.





Gathering the catnip.

The tiny teapot was filled from the kettle. Dinner was ready.

But Marianna was still asleep.

Just then a shadow fell across the doorway. Without waiting to be invited, a big black cat walked slowly in. With a soft purring greeting to the lady of the house, he went to the bed, where the sleeping baby lay, and began to settle himself for a nap.

"Now, Eben-ezer!" exclaimed the little mother. "If you haven't waked Marianna up! What shall I do with you? There, Marianna, don't cry. You shall have dinner with mother, and Eben sha'n't have a bite, not one!"

They were soon seated at the table.

"I made some catnip tea for you, Marianna," she said. "Drink it, like a good little girl. Don't like it? Well, never mind. We'll make Ebenezer drink it. Here, Eben-ezer, drink it, and you won't have fits.



Marianna.

“Mother’s baby shall have a cup of tea. Isn’t that good? Here’s a cake to eat with it, and then you shall have some apple pie. Be careful about dropping the crumbs on the floor. You know the crumbs belong to the birds.



The birds.

“You needn’t look up, Ebenezer, when I talk about the birds. You’re not to touch one of them. Naughty cat! I do believe you’ve been chasing them again! You always look that way when you’ve been in mischief.

What will Donald say? Come here, and tell me all about it. You can't have any secrets from Marianna and me. You know you can't."

When dinner was over the crumbs were scattered before the door for the birds.

"Susie! Susie! Susie!"

From far over the sunny pasture the sound came.

"There!" exclaimed the little housekeeper, "mother is calling us. She's your grandmother, you know, Marianna, and we must always go when she calls. That's the way to treat a grandmother, and a mother, too. Always come when I call you. Run along, Ebenezer. I can't trust you here alone, not one minute."

Before they were out of sight the birds came down to get the crumbs which Susie and Marianna always left for them.

The oriole in his black-and-orange dress darted down from his hanging nest. A blue jay hopped in at the doorway, with his head cocked on one side. The thrush slipped cau-

tiously out to take her share. The chipmunk, who lived near by, scampered along the fence, chattering with delight because Ebenezer was gone.



The chipmunk.

## CHAPTER II.

### BUILDERS.

"I SAW the loveliest bird by my playhouse to-day," said Susie at dinner. "It is all yellow and black."

"That's an oriole," said Frank.

"I watched it," said Susie. "It flew right up into the top of an elm tree. Then I couldn't see it, but I did see a funny little nest hanging to the end of a branch."

"That's the oriole's nest," said Donald. "You must show it to me, Susie."

"I wish I could see into it," said Susie.

"I saw one once," said Frank. "It was made of grass and thread and horsehair. They were all woven into a bag. I climbed the tree to see it, but it hung so far out on a little branch that I couldn't reach it. I could only look down into it."



Baltimore orioles.

"That is the nest of the Baltimore oriole," said Mr. Leonard. "He knows the safest place for a home. There is another oriole which builds lower in the tree. You have seen the nests in the orchard. They are not so deep as the Baltimore's. This bird is called the orchard oriole. He hasn't such bright colors as his Baltimore brother."

"Why is he called a Baltimore oriole, father?" asked Donald.

"Because when Lord Baltimore came to this country, over two hundred and fifty years ago, these birds were flying among the trees just as they do to-day. Lord Baltimore thought them so beautiful that he took their colors, black and orange, for his coat of arms. Some folks call this oriole fire-bird, and others hang-nest bird."

"I like those names!" cried Susie. "They just suit him."

"I wish I knew about the nests of all the birds," said Frank, "and why they build them so many different ways."



"How do they know what to build them of?" asked Donald.

"I know the robin's nest," said Susie. "It isn't a bit pretty. It is only mud and coarse grass. There are lots of them in the orchard."



Robin's nest and eggs.

"The barn swallows' nests are made of mud and grass too," said Donald; "but they are lined with feathers. There are ever so many of them plastered to the rafters in the barn."

"The bluebirds build in our box," said Susie.

"Yes," said Frank, "but somehow the bluebirds aren't real wild birds. They are around the house all the time. I want to know about all the birds we see in the woods and the fields."

"You might write to Uncle Robert and ask him to help you," said Mrs. Leonard.

"He used to know a great deal about the birds when he was a boy."



Barn swallow's nest.

"Oh, that will be fine!" cried Susie. "You write the letter, Frank, and let Don and me help."

"Donald can make a list of the birds to send in the letter," said Frank.

"I'll help him," said Susie, "so he won't forget one."

"Be sure to tell how you can whistle their songs, Frank," said Donald.

That evening Frank wrote the letter. Donald made a list of the birds whose nests they wanted to know about.

The letter read :

“DEAR UNCLE ROBERT: Will you tell us what kinds of nests all the birds make? We know a few of them. We see robins’ nests in the orchard, and barn swallows’ nests in the barn. We have a box on a tree where the bluebirds build, and a catbird has a nest in our elder bush. There is a Baltimore oriole’s nest high up in an elm tree by Susie’s play-house. But there are ever so many birds on the farm whose nests we have never seen. Will you tell us about them? Donald has made a list of all we can think of. If you know of any that he has forgotten to put down, please tell us about them too.

“Your loving

“FRANK, DONALD, and SUSIE.”

At the end of the letter Donald wrote a postscript:

"P. S. Frank can whistle the songs of some of the birds. He makes them sound just like tunes. If you didn't see him you would think it was a bird. I told Frank to tell you, but he didn't; so I will.

"DONALD."

The list was inclosed. This is it:

Thrush.	Wren.
Hawk.	Crow.
Bobwhite.	Whip-poor-will.
Blackbird.	Meadow lark.
Blue jay.	Song sparrow.
Woodpecker.	Hummingbird.
Cherry bird.	Snowbird.
Kingfisher.	

The letter was sent the next morning.

"How long does it take for a letter to go to New York, father?" asked Frank.

"About thirty hours," said Mr. Leonard.

"That's a day and a night and six hours more," said Donald.

"Then it takes a day and a night and six hours more for a letter to come from New York," said Susie.

"We ought to get the answer in three days," said Frank, adding it up.

"You must give Uncle Robert a little time to write it," laughed Mrs. Leonard.

"What a long way it is to New York!" sighed Susie.

But the time passed quickly. Soon the letter came. Frank opened it and read :

"MY DEAR CHILDREN : Your welcome letter is here. You are doing just what I did when I was a boy. I watched the birds around the house and in the fields and woods. I listened to their songs, but I couldn't whistle them as Frank can. I tried to find out where and how they built their nests. I wondered how they knew what to build them with. If I saw a robin with a straw in its bill I watched to see where it flew. I remember the first time I saw the long hanging nest of a Baltimore oriole. The bird itself looked like a bit of bright gold flying in the air.

"Yes, I will help you all I can. But you will enjoy finding out everything for yourselves

much more than you would to have me tell you. I will classify the birds for you. Classify means to place them in groups. We will call them Ground Builders, Bush Builders, Tree Builders, Box Builders, and those which build about houses or barns.

*Ground Builders.*

Whip-poor-will.	Bobwhite.
Meadow lark.	Song sparrow.
Night hawk.	Woodcock.
Kingfisher (really in the ground, not upon it).	

*Bush Builders.*

Red-winged blackbird.	Catbird.
Yellowbird.	Chipping sparrow.
Veery, or Wilson's thrush.	

*Tree Builders.*

*(Among the branches.)*

Wood thrush.	Blue jay.
Robin.	Dove.
Oriole.	Hummingbird.
Pewee.	Crow.
Crow blackbird.	Hawk.
Cedar or cherry bird.	Vireo.
Snowbird.	Scarlet tanager.

*(In holes in limbs.)*

Red-headed wood- pecker.	Downy woodpecker or sap-sucker.
Sparrow hawk.	Wood duck.

*Box Builders.*

Bluebird.                      Wren.                      Martin.

*Barn, House, and Bank Builders.*

Barn swallow.                      Eave swallow.  
Bank swallow.                      Chimney swift.

“Some of these you know already. Perhaps a few of them do not live on your farm. But now you will know where to look for them.

“I wonder if you can tell why they choose the places they do for their nests? Why does your bright-colored oriole build away up in the tree tops, and why is his nest so deep? Why does the meadow lark choose a corner of the meadow for her house? See if you can find a reason. Then write and tell me what you discover.

“There is something else I'd like to know, too. What is the difference in the color of the male and female birds? Which wears the gayest dress, and why?

“You may not know if you are correct, but you have as good a right to an opinion as John

Burroughs himself, provided you do as he does: keep your eyes and ears open to see and hear all there is to be seen and heard. I send a book to your mother, called Wake Robin. It is by Mr. Burroughs. She will tell you about him.

"I had the good fortune to spend one whole day with him in the swamps and fields. He could tell the name of a bird the moment he heard its notes, even if it were hidden away in the bushes. Can you learn to do that? Sometimes I did not even hear the birds. I learned how to listen that day.

"I am coming to see you before long; then we will learn more about all these wonderful things. Love to all, from

"UNCLE ROBERT."

"Isn't that a nice long letter?" said Susie.  
"I hope he'll come soon."

"But he didn't tell us about a single nest," said Donald, looking disappointed.

"I didn't know that it makes any difference where the birds build," said Frank. "Of



course I know that robins are always in the orchard, and swallows in the barn, but I thought it just happened so."

"There is no 'just happen' about it," said Mr. Leonard. "Each kind of a bird knows just where to build his nest."

"Now you know where to look for them all," said Mrs. Leonard, "and when you find them you may be able to tell the reason why they are there."

"Well," said Susie, "I'm glad my oriole is a tree builder, and not a ground builder. If he lived on the ground Ebenezer would get him, sure. He saw him fly by my house to-day and he sprang off all his feet at once to catch him. But the oriole flew away to his nest and was safe. I gave Ebenezer a good scolding, but he didn't seem one bit sorry."

"I wonder if the oriole knew about Ebenezer when he made his nest away up there," said Donald.

"Oh!" cried Susie, "maybe cats are the 'reason why' for tree builders."

"But what about all the ground builders?"

asked Frank. "Cats don't care whether a bird is an oriole or a whip-poor-will, if they can only catch it."

"What about the color of a whip-poor-will?" asked Mrs. Leonard. "Can it be seen as easily on the ground as an oriole?"

"Oh! that's so," said Frank. "I never thought the color had anything to do with it."

"Females have brighter feathers than males, I think," said Susie.

"What makes you think so, Susie?" asked Mrs. Leonard.

"Oh, 'cause girls wear brighter clothes than boys," answered Susie.

"Well, we'll find out if it's so with the birds," said Donald.

"How many reasons there seem to be for things!" said Susie.

"But won't it be fun to find out what they are!" said Frank.

"I wonder if we'll know a reason when we see it," said Donald.

"I want to begin right away," said Susie.

"I'm going to listen to the bird songs and try to whistle them," said Donald.

"I'm going to hunt for their nests," said Frank, "and find out why they build them as they do."



Flying birds.



## CHAPTER III.

### BARRI.

“Oh! oh! what a beauty! Where did he come from? From Uncle Robert? For me? Oh!”

Donald took the head of the beautiful dog between his hands and looked into his gentle eyes. The big dog put up his nose and licked Donald's face.

“See, he's kissing you!” cried Susie.

“Pat him, Susie,” said Donald. “He won't hurt you.”

“Here's a letter that came with him, Donald,” said Mr. Leonard.

“Please read it to us, father.”

So they all sat down on the piazza—the father and mother, Frank, Donald, and Susie.

Donald kept his arm around the neck of the dog. The dog looked from one to another as if he too were listening.

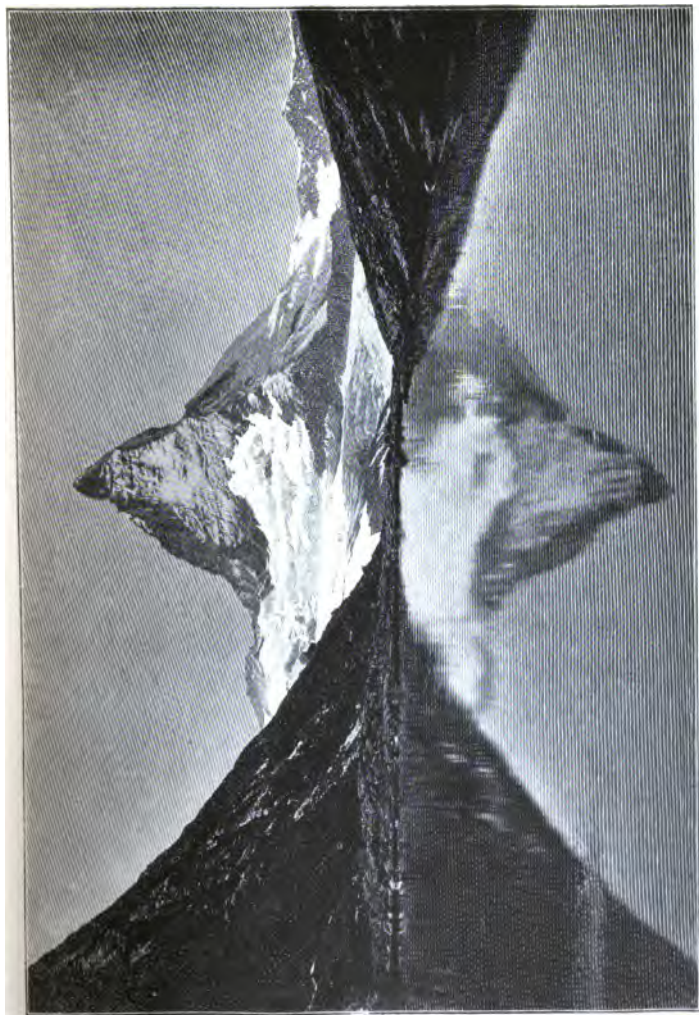
The letter was from Uncle Robert. This is what he wrote :

“MY DEAR DONALD: Another birthday! Are you sure it has been a whole year since the last one? My birthday book says it has, but I can hardly believe it.

“I send you a present that is alive this time. You will think him very big, but he is only a year old.

“If he could speak he would tell you of the wonderful place where he was born, and of the noble family to which he belongs. He might tell you the story of his great-grandfather Barri [Bar-ree’], who was one of the bravest dogs that ever lived.

“Barri lived far up in the Alps, which are the highest mountains in Europe. They rise



The Matterhorn.

up into the sky like an immense rocky wall between Switzerland and Italy. Switzerland is north and Italy is south of the mountain peaks. Some of the peaks are like huge church spires that tower up thousands of feet. One, called the Matterhorn, is thirteen thousand feet high. Between the peaks are passes or deep cuts. One of these is called the Pass of St. Bernard.

“Through this pass between the high peaks many travelers go from Switzerland to Italy. They start from the deep valley of the Rhone, and climb up the steep sides of the Alps. The paths wind around and between the mountains hundreds and sometimes thousands of feet above the ravines.

“On the mountains and in the passes there is snow the year round. It snows sometimes for weeks. All winter long the snow piles deeper and deeper on the mountain sides. In the spring it begins to melt. The great mass moves down the steep slopes, at first slowly, then faster and faster.

“It takes everything with it, even great

masses of earth. It dashes through forests and breaks down the trees. Then it rushes with a sound like thunder down into the valley, killing people and burying villages.

“This is called an avalanche.



Barri.

“Many centuries ago, up in the Pass of St. Bernard, some good, kind people, called monks, built a stone house that they might live there and care for the travelers.

“They have dogs to help them. They are



called St. Bernard dogs, and are well fitted for their work.

“The cold can not go through their thick, warm coats. The sharp snowflakes do not blind them. They have a way to protect their eyes which other dogs have not. Instead of two eyelids they have three. The third one is a very thin skin which they can see through even when it is closed, and it is so strong that the sharp snow can not cut it. Look at your dog’s eyes and you will see these eyelids.

“Their scent is very keen. Even when a traveler is covered with snow so that he can not be seen, they discover him by their sense of smell.

“They have powerful webbed feet. They walk over the light snow, and dig in a drift as easily as you can with a shovel.

“There are no dogs in the world so brave, strong, gentle, and wise as those of St. Bernard. And there was never one more brave, strong, gentle, and wise than Barri. Many hundreds of lives have been saved by the monks and dogs of St. Bernard. This was



The Pass of St. Bernard.

Barri's work. Some say that he saved over seventy lives.

"Sometimes when a traveler leaves the valley the sun is shining brightly. The grass is green and the fields are gay with many-colored flowers. Up, up he climbs, along the winding path and over bridges that cross the roaring streams. Steeper and steeper grows the path. The flowers and grass are gone now; it is very cold. Clouds cover the sky. The snow begins to fall. It cuts like a knife. Think of it! Dark night—freezing cold—driving snow—the path lost!

"The traveler's eyes are blinded. He staggers, stumbles, and falls. The snow begins to drift over him.

"But Barri is coming! His bark from out of the darkness says, 'I bring help!'

"The monks have sent him out with a flask of brandy tied around his neck. He has braved the storm. He is making his way through the deep drifts.

"Suddenly he stops. Then how he works! The snow dug up by his great paws flies

in every direction until he finds a bit of clothing.

"He raises his head, and a long, loud bay rings out. Above the roar of the storm the monks hear the well-known voice.

"‘Hark! Barri is calling!’

"In a moment they are ready. Guided by the baying of the dog, they make their way through the driving storm. They find Barri trying to help the fallen traveler. The monks lift him up, give him brandy from the flask about Barri’s neck, and make ready to take him to their home.

"But the poor man is not able to walk, so Barri carries him on his strong back.

"This is only one of the many stories of this faithful dog and his work. He saved so many lives that a medal telling the story of his courage was tied around his neck.

"One day a man who lived in the valley was crossing the mountain on his way home. The wind was blowing furiously.

"‘We shall have a heavy storm to-night,’



Out in the storm.

said the monks of St. Bernard. 'You must stay with us until morning.'

"'No,' said the man, 'my family needs me. I must go on; it is but a little way.'

"'It will be very dangerous,' said the monks. 'It is snowing even now.'

"'I know,' was the reply. 'But my little girl is sick, and I must go.'

"'Then take one of the dogs for a guide,' said a monk. 'Take Barri; he'll see you through.'

"So the man started down the mountain, with Barri by his side. The snow was so thick they could not see a step before them. Even Barri, in spite of his third eyelid, was almost blinded. Suddenly a noise like thunder echoed from peak to peak.

"'The avalanche!' cried the traveler. 'It is coming!'

"Barri understood the sound. Perhaps he understood the words too. He looked up into the face of his companion.

"A moment more and a great mass of snow and earth swept over them.

“Down in the valley lay the little village to which the traveler was going. It, too, was buried in the avalanche.

“When the snow melted in the spring, the brave dog, with the medal around his neck,



Head of St. Bernard dog.

was found lying close beside the traveler for whom he had died.

“This noble dog was the great-grandfather of the one I send to you. May he grow to be as brave and good as the great Barri!

“With love to all, from

“UNCLE ROBERT.”

For a moment no one spoke. Then, laying his brown cheek against the dog's beautiful head, Donald said :

“You are going to be good and brave too, just like your grandfather, and I'm going to call you Barri.”



## CHAPTER IV.

### OTHER DOGS.

"FATHER, please tell us more about the place Barri came from."

Supper was over. The family was gathered in the sitting-room. Donald sat on the floor beside his new dog, patting his head and stroking his long, waving hair. Barri turned his beautiful eyes from one to another, as if quite content with his lot.

"As Uncle Robert told you," began Mr. Leonard, "Barri came from a wonderful country away up in the high mountains, where snow lies all the year round."

"Uncle Robert has seen it," said Mrs. Leonard. "He wrote a letter to me while he was there."

"I have seen places in our Rocky Mountains that must be very much like it," said Mr.

Leonard. "The great peaks of bare rock tower up into the clear, blue sky. You never saw sky so blue as it is in the mountains. On the tops of the highest peaks there is not a green thing to be seen; not a tree nor a blade of grass. There are rocks everywhere."

"Are all mountains like that?" asked Frank.

"Oh, no," said his mother. "Most of the mountains in New England are covered with trees, though some of them, like Mount Washington, have nothing but bare rocks on their tops."

"But they are not so high as the Rocky Mountains or the Alps," said Mr. Leonard.

"Please go on about Barri's home, father," said Susie.

"The Pass of St. Bernard is the highest place in the Alps where people live all the year round. You know that the higher you go the colder it is. But the monks who live there do not care for the cold. They only think of the help they can give to the people who cross the pass."



Hospice of St. Bernard.

"Why do people go there if it is so dangerous?" asked Frank.

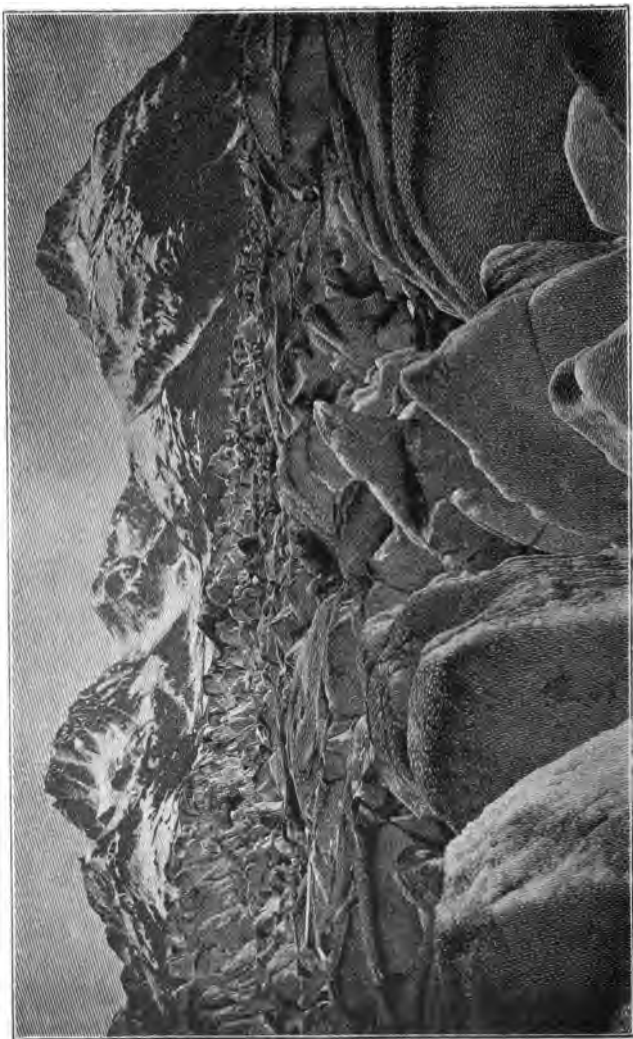
"Because it is one of the roads from Switzerland to Italy. If it were not for these passes people would find it very hard to go from one country to the other. I have read that twenty thousand people go through the Pass of St. Bernard every year.

"Even in the middle of summer there are often heavy snowstorms. The snow fills the paths. Great drifts are blown in the way of the travelers. Many sink in the deep snow and freeze to death.

"This snow does not all melt in the summer. Some of it remains in the deep ravines in the mountain sides, and then it moves down."

"That is what Uncle Robert told us," said Donald.

"Yes, he told about the avalanches, which move very swiftly. But sometimes these great piles of snow lie in the clefts of the mountains for many years. They become larger and larger. They grow very heavy.



Crevasses in the glaciers.

Then they change to ice and move down the ravines in rivers that are called glaciers. These rivers of ice move slowly down to the green fields and bright flowers in the valleys below. The sun melts the lower ends of the glaciers. Streams of ice-cold water pour out of them."

"I'd like to see a glacier," said Susie. "It must be a nice place to skate."

"Not so nice as you think," said Mr. Leonard. "As the glacier moves along it plows into the sides of the mountains and grinds off the earth and rocks over which it passes. The ice is filled and covered with rocks and earth. Then, too, the glaciers crack open, and there are great deep holes in the ice."

"Such a hole is called a crevasse, is it not?" asked Mrs. Leonard.

"Yes, and travelers fall into these crevasses sometimes. But they are not so dangerous as the snowstorms and snow slides that Uncle Robert told about in his letter. The monks of St. Bernard knew of these dangers. That is why they built their stone house at the en-

trance to the pass and trained their dogs to help them."

"Can the dogs always find the people who are lost in the snow?" asked Donald.

"No, some are never found. But so many lives have been saved by these brave fellows that they can not have too much praise. Another dog which is almost as brave as the St. Bernard is the Newfoundland dog."

"Mr. Davis's big black dog is a Newfoundland, isn't it?" asked Frank.

"Yes. These dogs come from an island of the same name which lies in the Atlantic Ocean at the mouth of the St. Lawrence River. On this island the dogs are used as beasts of burden."

"What is a beast of burden?" asked Susie.

"Why, don't you know?" said Donald. "Animals are beasts, and heavy loads are burdens."

"Oh, I didn't think," said Susie.

"Horses are our beasts of burden," said Mrs. Leonard. "They are stronger than dogs."

“What do the Newfoundland dogs carry, father?”

“In the winter they are harnessed to sleds. They are driven to the forests, where the sleds



Newfoundland dog.

are piled high with wood. They do not mind hard work if they are well fed. But sometimes they have very little to eat. They love to carry things in their mouths, if only a stick.”

“Oh, yes!” cried Susie. “I’ve seen the



Davis boys throw sticks into the river. Then their dog swims out and gets them."

"He can carry a heavy basket in his mouth, too," said Donald.

"These dogs love the water. They are fine swimmers."

"Their feet are webbed, like a duck's," said Frank.

"They are very brave. Many people have been rescued from drowning by them. They seem to know that a man can not breathe under the water. They fasten their teeth in the clothing about the neck or shoulder. They hold his head as high as they can, and so swim to shore."

"I read a story not long ago of one of these dogs who saved a shipful of people from drowning," said Mrs. Leonard.

"Oh, tell us about it, mother."

"There was a great storm at sea. The wind roared and the waves dashed high. A ship was driven upon the rocks that lie off the coast of Newfoundland. The rocks broke a hole in the bottom of the ship. It began to sink.



A heavy load.

"The people on the island gathered at the shore. But they could not go out to the ship. No boat could have ridden over those angry waves. The sailors on board threw out a rope, but no one could reach it. Then a big black dog rushed into the water. He swam straight to the ship. He took the rope between his teeth and swam back. A great shout rang above the roar of the storm as he reached the shore.

"The people tied the rope to a cable, which is a much larger rope. The sailors on the ship pulled it on board and made it fast. Then hand over hand on the cable the crew came to shore. They were safe. The dog had saved them."

"Oh, wasn't he a brave dog!" cried Susie. "I don't believe they ever made him draw heavy loads of wood again!"

"Mr. Davis says his dog is a fine watchdog," said Donald.

"Yes, they are always devoted to their masters," said Mr. Leonard. "But the best dog for a farmer is the shepherd or Scotch collie."

“They are the dogs that have such sharp noses and such bright eyes,” said Frank. “Their hair is black and brown, and as long as Barri’s ; but it is softer, and not so thick.”



The collie dog.

“Yes, that is the collie. Some have white on them. They know how to watch sheep and cattle better than any boy I know. They are very kind and wise, and have a wonderful memory. No dog can be trusted as can the Scotch collie.

“In Scotland the shepherds often leave the care of their flocks entirely to the dogs. You

know how foolish sheep are. If they are frightened, away they go. And they always run right into danger, instead of away from it. Then the dog goes after them. He often spends a whole night wandering among the mountains, hunting for the lost sheep. But he always finds them before he comes home."

"Do dogs live all over the world?" asked Donald.

"I never heard of a place where there are no dogs," was the reply.

"And how wonderfully they are all suited to the countries in which they live!" said Mrs. Leonard.

"Yes, indeed. Down south in Mexico there are little dogs which have no hair at all. Far, far up north in Greenland live the Eskimos. They have dogs with coats of such thick fur that they do not feel the cold. Think what it would be if the Eskimo dog had to live in a hot climate, or if the Mexican dog should go to Greenland."

"Are Eskimo dogs like Barri?" asked Donald.

"No; they look more like wolves than dogs. They howl like wolves, too. They are very useful to their masters. The Eskimos hitch them in long trains to their sledges. The best dog is chosen for a leader. The Eskimo, dressed in furs from head to foot, sits on his sledge. He uses no reins. He guides the dogs with the crack of his long whip. He seldom strikes them. When he does, they become fierce and unruly. They can run very swift-



An Eskimo boy.

ly. I have read that they can travel sixty miles a day drawing a heavy load. There are no roads or even paths over the snow and ice,

but they never lose their way. The Eskimos could not live up there without their dogs."

"I wonder if people could live anywhere without them," said Frank thoughtfully.

"The dog was the first animal ever trained by man," said Mrs. Leonard, "and he has certainly proved to be one of his best friends. But it's bedtime now. Barri is fast asleep."

"Come, Barri," said Donald. "Wake up, old fellow! I have a nice place for you to sleep."



Eskimo dogs and sledge.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE GARDEN IN THE WOODS.

"WE must have a garden, Marianna. Everybody has a garden. What shall we have in it? Why, flowers, of course."

"Do you see that rosebush in the next corner of the fence? . It's going to have roses on it. I saw the buds this morning. That will be just the place !

"On the other side of the fence there's a columbine with ever so many flowers on it. They're like red and yellow bells, Marianna, all ringing at once. I wonder if they really do ring so the other flowers can hear them.

"See that big bumblebee ! He must have heard the ringing, for he's gone right into one of them.

"I'll tell you, Marianna : you stay and keep house, while I go into the woods to get



some plants for our garden. I'll take the knife to dig them up. Don't let the birds eat all our dinner. Good-by."

"How d'you do, Susie? I've come out with mother to spend the day."



Josephine and Marianna.

It was Jennie Wilson, who lived in the village.

"How nice!" said Susie, as they kissed each other. "I'm so glad, Jennie! I was just going into the woods to get some flowers to make a garden. Do you want to go, or shall we stay here?"

"Let's go," said Jennie. "I'll leave my doll with yours."

"Oh, you have Josephine to-day. How do you do, dear?"

"Yes, she's had the measles," said Jennie,

“and I thought it would do her good to take her out. Oh, you needn’t be afraid. She can’t give them to Marianna. She’s well now.”

Leaving Josephine and Marianna sitting side by side, they climbed over the fence and went into the woods.

Such a lovely place as it was !

High over their heads they could hear the trees whispering to each other ; all about their feet grew the flowers—  
so many, many flowers !



In a shady spot little white and blue violet faces looked up from a thick carpet of dark green leaves. On the bank that sloped to the

creek the dogstooth violets had danced together early in the spring.

In a clearing where the sun could peep through the trees the May apples were hiding under their umbrellas.

Many flowers were in bloom. Some had gone to seed. Others were working and waiting for their time to come.



Touch-me-not.

“Oh, how lovely!” cried Jennie. “See the shooting stars! Are you going to take some of them?”

“Yes,” replied Susie, “I want shooting stars, and I must have some of these violets,” digging about the little plants. “Then there are those pretty touch-me-nots down by the creek.”

“Will they grow away from the water?”

asked Jennie. "I never saw them growing anywhere but in wet places."

"I don't know; I didn't think of that," said Susie, looking disappointed. "But I'll water them. I want the cardinal flowers that are so lovely in the fall, too, and the blue gentian, if I can find any."

"Those with the fringe all around the flowers are the prettiest," said Jennie.

"Yes, but they're the hardest to find. Oh, dear, I want them all! but I don't want to dig them up and have them die."

"You might try it," said Jennie. "If they should die there are plenty more."

"Oh, no," said Susie, "I don't want to take one if it is going to die."

She stood still, looking from flower to flower. Jennie watched her.



Cardinal flower.

"I'll tell you what you might do," said Jennie. "You might call the whole wood your garden. Then every flower can grow in the place it likes best."

"That would be splendid!" cried Susie. "I'll do it!"

"But, Susie," said Jennie, "can it be your garden if you don't dig it and plant it and keep the weeds out? That's what it means to have a gar-

den. We have to work in our garden all the time."

"I sha'n't have to do that," said Susie, quite

contented. "You see, there'll be room for everything in my garden. You know, Jennie, it's really God's garden. He takes care of it. But He won't care if I call it mine."

"Does God like to have weeds in His garden?" asked Jennie.



Fringed gentian.

"God doesn't call them weeds," said Susie.  
"Mother says He made everything, even the weeds, for some use."

"I don't see what use weeds are," said Jennie.

"Well, I don't know," said Susie; "but I'm going to let everything grow in my garden that wants to. Then maybe I can find out about the weeds."

"Tell me if you do, Susie," said Jennie.

"Just see all those birds, Jennie! I wonder what they find to eat there among the ferns."

"Let's go and see," said Jennie, starting off.



Birds in the ferns.

The birds flew away as they came near.

"It must be the seeds on these old dry ferns," said Susie. "Birds love seeds, you know."

"I wonder if they like the seeds of weeds," said Jennie.

"Why, of course they do!" cried Susie. "I believe that is why there are so many weeds, Jennie—to help feed the birds. You know, the more weedy it is, the more seedy it is."

Jennie laughed.

"You're a poet, Susie," she said, "'cause you made some poetry."

"I didn't mean to," said Susie. "But look!"

Susie laid her hand on Jennie's arm and pointed to a little hole in the side of the creek's bank.

A tiny ball of fur rolled out of the hole, then another, and another.

"Rabbits!" whispered Jennie.

"Baby rabbits!" whispered Susie. "Don't move!"



**“Baby rabbits! Don’t move!”**



Two long ears rose up over each ball as the rabbits hopped along on the bank. Then two big rabbits came from somewhere.

"The father and mother," whispered Susie.

"H'sh !" said Jennie.

The mother seemed to be showing the little ones to the father. He looked very



Susie and Jennie.

proud of them as he hopped about, licking them all over. Then the mother lay down in the soft leaves, and the little ones crept close to her side.

Jennie and Susie had not stirred.

"Let's go now," whispered Susie.

They moved carefully, but the dry leaves snapped under their feet.

The quick ears of the rabbits heard the sound. Up they sprang. In a moment nothing was left but the hole in the bank.

"It must be their home," said Susie. "I wish Donald could have seen them. He loves rabbits."

"We can tell him about them," said Jennie; "then he can come to see them."

"All right. Let's go and find him now."

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE RABBITS.

"ARE they there now?"

"I don't know. They went into the hole."

"Where is it?"

"Come, we'll show you."

So Susie, Jennie, and Donald started to the woods.

"No, Barri, you can't come this time. Go home!"

Barri hung his head as he turned and walked slowly back to the house. Every once in a while he looked around to see if Donald wouldn't change his mind.

They soon found the hole in the bank.

"But I don't see any rabbits," said Donald.

"What's that?" said Jennie, pointing toward a thick patch of ferns.

A little gray-brown ball that looked like a

brown leaf was curled up under the ferns. Jennie could never have seen it but for a patch of white that looked like a bit of cotton clinging to it.

"That's a rabbit, sure," said Donald, creeping softly toward it. "I believe I can catch it."

"Oh, do, Don," whispered Susie, "and we'll take it home for a pet!"

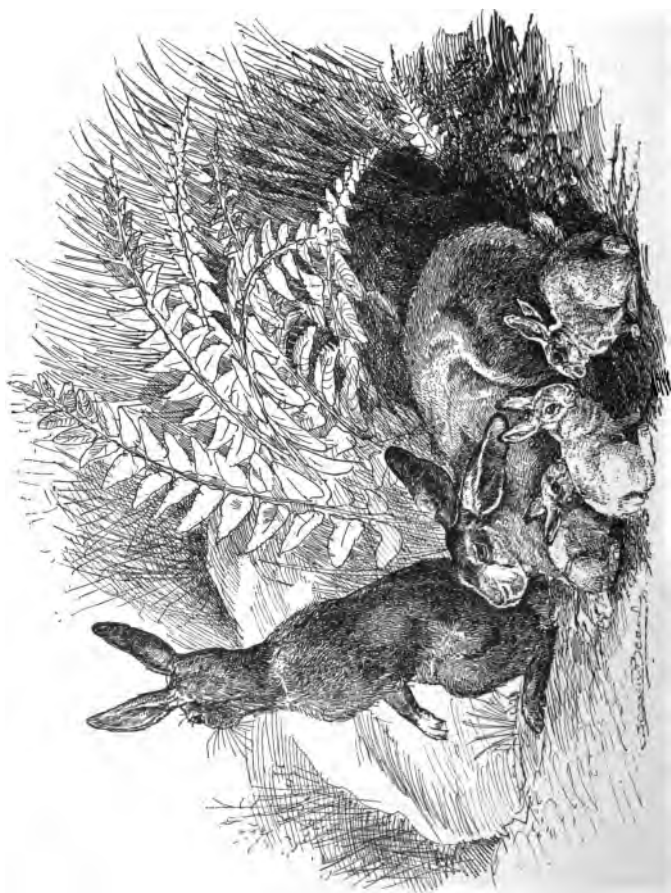
"There are two here," said Donald, as he went nearer. "Their heads are so close together they can't see a thing."

But if the little rabbits could not see, they could hear. That is what their big ears were for.

They were very much frightened, but they could not think what was the matter. It never entered their little heads to run away. Perhaps they knew that the only way out of the ferns was where Donald stood.

They were too young to know much about it, anyway. So they lay still, their round eyes growing brighter and their long ears standing very straight.

Suddenly Donald laid a hand on each lit-



**The rabbit family.**

tle back. He could feel them trembling all over.

"There, don't be frightened," he said, taking them up and cuddling them close in his arms. "I won't hurt you. No, you can't get away now ; you're too late."

"Poor little bunnies !" said Susie. "We're going to take you home—to our home, you know. We'll be good to you, and you can't think how nice it is there."

"Aren't they cunning?" said Jennie. "How soft their fur is, and what funny little tails they have! It was your tail that told on you, bunny. You've never seen it, and you don't know how white it is. It looks like a piece of cotton stuck on your back."

"I've heard father call these rabbits 'Molly Cottontails,' " said Donald.

"What a funny name!" laughed Jennie. "Where are your other brothers and sisters, little Cottontails?"

But the rabbits hid their noses in Donald's coat and didn't say a word.

By the time they reached home the rabbits

had stopped trembling. They lay very still in Donald's arms.

"What are you going to do with them?" asked Frank.

"Make a cage for them and keep them," replied Donald.

"Better have left them in the woods," said Frank. "They'd be happier, and the garden would be better off."

"They sha'n't get into the garden," said



In the cage.

Donald. "I'll keep them locked up all the time. Come on, girls; you may hold them while I make a cage."

They went to the tool house, where Donald found a box. He nailed narrow strips of board over the front, with a little door to open and shut.

Then he made a nice bed of sweet, clean hay, and, setting the cage by the side of the porch, shut the rabbits in.

"Let's give them something to eat," said Jennie. "What shall we get?"

"They'd like some lettuce," said Mrs. Leonard, who sat on the porch with Jennie's mother, watching them. "You can get some in the garden."

"Just see them eat it!" cried Susie, as Donald put the crisp leaves into the cage.

"Now you're all right," he said to the rabbits. "You shall have all the lettuce you can eat. Susie, you get some water for them."

"I'm afraid there wouldn't be much left in the garden," said Mrs. Wilson, "if they should get out of the cage."

"I'll never let them out," said Donald.

"Poor little bunnies!" said Susie.

She did not know why, but she could not help feeling sorry for them.

The rabbits were well cared for. They soon learned that Donald was their friend.

"More to eat! More to eat!" they seemed to say when they saw him coming. And they beckoned with their long ears for him to hurry as quickly as he could.



They grew very fast. How could they help it, with so much to eat?

They were called Fluffy and Puffy.

But they were never out of the cage except when Donald took them out to play on the grass. Then they hopped about as though a little uncertain of their legs.

One evening as Donald and Susie with their mother were watching them, Susie said: "I saw a rabbit in the woods to-day. It looked just like these, only bigger."

"It might have been a brother or a sister," said Donald.

"Very likely," said Mrs. Leonard.

"But how it did run!" said Susie. "It jumped from under a bush and was gone so quick that it took my breath away. Why don't these rabbits run? They hop all the time, as if they didn't know how to do anything else."

"You can't expect them to run very fast," said Mrs. Leonard. "They have never learned. Suppose I had kept you shut in one small room all your life, do you think you could run

as you did to-day when you were playing with Barri?"

"Oh, how dreadful!" exclaimed Susie. "Why, mother, I should just die if I couldn't run."

"But it's different with the rabbits," said Donald. "They don't care."

"I'm not so sure," said his mother. "The rabbits were born to run wild in the woods. Do you think they miss nothing out of their lives when they are shut in a small cage? Do they always look as happy there as they do when out on the green grass?"

"Oh, no," said Donald, "but—— Well, mother, I never thought they cared."

"I know they'd be happier in the woods," said Susie. "Why, they couldn't help it!"

"I'm going to put them in the cage now," said Donald.

The next morning he went to the kitchen, where Mrs. Leonard was working.

"I think I'll take my rabbits back to the woods," he said. "I want them to be happy." But there was just a little quiver in his voice.

"Yes, dear," said his mother.

"But, mother, do you think I'll ever see them again?"

"I think you may," she said cheerily.

"And if you do, I am sure they will know their little friend who has always been kind to them."



Cottontails.

"May I go with you, Donald?" asked Susie.

"Yes, if you want to," was the reply.

So they went to the woods. Donald carried the rabbits in his arms, and Barri walked by his side.

He set the rabbits down where he had found them.

"Now you are free," he said. "I'm sorry I locked you up. Good-by, Fluffy. Good-by, Puffy."

With his hand on Barri's collar he watched them.

The rabbits took one sniff of the sweet,  
woody air.

Hop, hop, hop !

And Donald and Susie saw their little cottontails disappear under the thick bushes.

## CHAPTER VII.

### SUSIE'S FIRST LOAF.

ONE evening as Mrs. Leonard was sifting flour to set the bread, Susie said :

“ I wish I could make some bread.”

“ You may make a little loaf while I am making mine,” said Mrs. Leonard. “ Get your big apron, and wash your hands clean.”

“ Oh, how nice !” cried Susie. “ What shall I do first ? I’m all ready.”

“ Get the little yellow bowl in the pantry and sift the flour,” said her mother.

“ I’ll have to stand on this stool,” said Susie, “ so I can reach.”

Mrs. Leonard waited.

“ There. Shall I make a hole in the middle, like yours, mother ? What is it for ?” as she pressed the white flour against the sides of the bowl.

"It helps to make the bread warm," was the reply, "and keeps the dough from sticking to the bowl."

"What goes in the hole?"

"Shall I fix it for you?"

"Oh, no," and Susie hopped off the stool. "I want to do it all myself, please, mother, and we won't tell father and the boys a thing about it till it's done."

"Well, get a cup and put some salt and sugar in it. A little less than a teaspoonful of salt, and twice as much sugar, will be enough for you. Now a piece of butter—yes, that is right," as Susie took some on her spoon. "Now pour warm water over it. Make the cup about half full. When the butter is melted, fill the cup with milk."

"It's done," said Susie. "I can do it as fast as you can, mother."

"There is plenty of time," laughed Mrs. Leonard. "Bread doesn't like to be hurried."

"Shall I pour this into the flour nest?" asked Susie.



In the kitchen.

"Yes, and stir the flour into it, little by little, as I do."

"You take ever so much more of everything than I do—don't you, mother?" said Susie.

"That is because I am making four big loaves, and you are making one small one."

"Will it truly get to be bread?" exclaimed Susie. "Will it be bread just like yours?"

"There is one thing more needed if it is to be good, light bread," said Mrs. Leonard.

"Oh, I know—the yeast. It couldn't rise without yeast, could it? Did you forget it, mother?"

"No. I always beat this a little before I put in the yeast. We're ready for it now."

The yeast was poured in. Then Mrs. Leonard said: "This is the time to beat it well. Be careful—not too fast."

Susie stood on the stool, leaning well over the table. When she could stir no longer she let the spoon drop.

"Oh, it makes my arm ache!"

"It is beaten enough," said her mother.



"Cover it with this clean cloth and set it over here to keep warm. In the morning it will be nice and light."

"Why must it be warm?" asked Susie.

"It will not rise if it is cold," was the reply.

"I'll set mine close to yours, mother."

Susie carried it carefully across the room.

"Isn't it fun to make bread, mother? I wonder if it will be good. We have to knead it, don't we? I wish we didn't have to wait till morning."

"There is something else to do now," said her mother, smiling.

"What is it?" asked Susie. "I thought it must be left alone to rise."

"Yes, but this is the time to wash the dishes we have used. A good housekeeper never leaves dishes on her table unwashed."

"Then I'll wash them," said Susie. "I want to be a good housekeeper, like you. I'll wash yours too, mother."

"Thank you, dear," said Mrs. Leonard, patting the soft round cheek. "It makes moth-

er's work very easy to have such a dear little helper."

When the dishes were washed and set away it was time for Susie to go to bed. She thought it never would be morning, but she was soon fast asleep, and the morning came before she knew it. As soon as she was dressed she ran into the kitchen to look at her bread.

"Mother, mother," she called, "it's all bubbles on top!"

"Yes, it has risen finely. It is ready to knead now," said Mrs. Leonard, looking at it.

"Doesn't it look just like a sponge, mother?"

"That is what it is called," said Mrs. Leonard. "You can have the biscuit board on the chair to knead it on. I'll use the bread board on the table."

Such a kneading as the dough on the biscuit board had! It made the two small arms ache, but Susie kept bravely on.

"I like to do it, if it is hard work," she said.

"Now put it back in the bowl," said Mrs.

Leonard. "It must rise once more. After breakfast we will knead it again."

Then Susie ran into the garden. Light as a bird on the wing, she danced along the path, singing a happy song.

Butterflies were flitting from flower to flower. The hum of bees filled the air. She stopped to watch them as they rushed about, too busy to notice her.

Ebenezer walked slowly down the path, and rubbed his glossy black sides against her legs.

During breakfast she could hardly keep from telling her secret, but she only smiled at her mother across the table.

As soon as the boys had gone to the barn and the table was cleared, she ran to look at the bread. The dough was all puffed up like a cushion.

"Isn't it soft and light?" said Susie as she turned it out on the board.

"You have kneaded it enough," said Mrs. Leonard after a while. "Make it nice and smooth to fit the pan. It will be a fine loaf.

It must rise in the pan, and then we will put it in the oven."

"May we have it for supper?" asked Susie, with shining eyes. "Won't father and the boys be surprised when they know I made it all myself!"

In a moment she was rushing across the yard in a wild romp with Barri. The sound of her merry laugh and his loud bark brought Frank and Donald to the barn door to see what was happening.

It was an anxious time when the little loaf was light enough to bake. If the oven should not be hot enough! Or if it should be too hot!

"Is it just right, mother?"

Then the oven door was closed. If she could only see what was going on behind that door!



Susie's loaf.

At last it was done. Mrs. Leonard took it from the oven and turned it out on the table to cool.

Susie danced with delight.

"What a lovely brown it is! And oh, how good it smells! I wish it would hurry and be supper time; I want to see how it looks inside."

"I am sure it is very good," said Mrs. Leonard. "But it would spoil it to cut it before it is cool."

She was as happy in Susie's success as Susie herself.

"Oh, we mustn't cut it now," said Susie; "we must wait for supper, even if it is a long time. Isn't it a beauty?" with a loving look at the crisp brown crust. "What will father say when he sees it? I'd like to know."

At last supper time came.

Susie carried the little loaf to the table and cut it herself.

"It's almost as good as mother's," said Frank.

"Quite as good, I think," said mother.

"There isn't half enough of it," said Donald.

"I call it a fine, large loaf for these little hands to have made," said her father, patting the hand that lay near him on the table.

And Susie was never happier in her life.

"I'm going to write to Uncle Robert and tell him all about it," she said.



Supper time.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### GOLDEN GRAIN.

"WHEN can I make bread again, mother?" asked Susie.

"Whenever you wish, dear."

"You must make more next time," said Donald.

"Suppose you try corn bread," said Mr. Leonard. "I like good corn bread."

"I'll make some for you, father," said Susie. "I can make it just the same way, only use corn meal instead of wheat flour. Then it will be corn bread — won't it, mother?"

"I don't know," smiled Mrs. Leonard. "I never made any that way."

"Why?"

"Just think how different corn meal is from wheat flour."

"That's so," said Susie. "I didn't think of that."

"Corn meal is ever so much coarser than wheat flour," said Frank.

"I do not use yeast in corn bread," said Mrs. Leonard, "but some people do."

"But what makes your corn bread light?" asked Susie.

"Baking powder; or, if I use sour cream, a little soda. It must go in the oven as soon as it is mixed. When made in this way it does not need to rise before you put it in to bake."

"That is nice," said Susie. "I didn't like to wait for my bread to rise."

"Hoecake doesn't have to rise," said Mr. Leonard, smiling.

"Hoecake, father! What is hoeecake?" asked Donald.

"It is a cake made of corn meal mixed with water and a little salt. It is spread in a flat cake on a hoe. The hoe is held over the hot coals until the cake is done."

"How funny!" cried Susie. "Just think of cooking on a hoe!"



"What kind of people would eat hoe-cake?" asked Frank.

"A great many people in the South eat it, especially the negroes. Some of them are famous cooks. But I suppose they do not often use the hoe to bake it on now. When you go to visit your Aunt Caroline you may see some hoecake."

"I won't eat it," said Susie.

"Those corn cakes I make are about the same thing," said Mrs. Leonard. "You like them."

"Well, you don't bake them on a hoe," said Susie.

"We made a corn cake when we were Indians and had our wigwam down by the creek," said Frank.

"We baked it on a board in the hot ashes," said Donald.

"And we ate it, too," added Susie, making a face.

"We might have baked it on the shovel," said Donald. "That would have been better than the board. The board burned."

"Then it would have been shovel cake," laughed Susie.

"A great many Indians make bread of corn in this way," said Mrs. Leonard. "First they grind the corn between two stones——"

"That's what we did," interrupted Susie. "We were real Indians, weren't we?"

"Then the meal is mixed with water and spread on hot, flat stones. It is made as thin as paper. When it is cooked the sheets are rolled into scrolls."

"The Indians have always used corn more than any other grain," said Mr. Leonard. "No one knows where they first got it."

"They must have found it here when they came," said Donald.

"Where did the Indians come from, father?" asked Frank.

"No one knows that, either. They must have been here for a great many years before the white people came. And there are things which show that they had corn long, long before that time."

"What are they, father?"

“Well, one is that kernels of corn have been found in some very old mounds. These mounds are the graves of the Indians. Corn has also been found in their towns that have been buried in some way. When the white people came to this country they bought corn from the Indians.”

“Didn’t the Indians use wheat?” asked Frank.

“No. They had no wheat until they got it from the white people.”

“Wheat, oats, rye, and barley were brought to this country by the white people,” said Mrs. Leonard. “These grains had been raised in other countries for many hundreds of years. You know we read about them in the Bible. It was wheat that Joseph stored up in Egypt.”

“I thought the Bible called it corn,” said Frank.

“So it does; but it means grain. All kinds of grain are called corn in the Bible. But they did not have our Indian corn. If any particular grain is meant it is called by its own name. In the story of Ruth we read

that she gleaned in the fields during the barley and wheat harvests."

"The barley harvest comes just before the wheat harvest," said Mr. Leonard.



An Indian woman grinding corn.

"How did they grind the grain when Joseph and Ruth were alive?" asked Donald.

"Very much as the Indians grind their corn. The mill was of stone. The lower stone was about eighteen inches across, and was slightly rounded in the middle. The

upper stone was smaller, with a hollow in it which fitted over the raised part of the lower one. The grain was poured through a hole in the upper stone. The grinding was always done by the women; and to this day they do it in the same way."

"Do they make good flour that way?" asked Frank.

"It can not be such flour as we have," said Mrs. Leonard. "In the mill where our flour is made very wonderful machinery is used."

"Is it a mill like ours in the village?" asked Donald.

"Oh, no! It is very much larger and more perfect," said Mr. Leonard. "In our mill they grind wheat in the old-fashioned way."

"Corn is ground in our mill, too," said Frank.

"Yes, and corn is much more easily ground than wheat."

"Why, father, how can that be? Corn is so much harder than wheat."

"Yes, but the husk on the wheat is much harder than it is on corn—I mean the shell

or covering of each grain. The corn can be all ground. The husk of wheat is really wood, and must be taken out. That is why it requires so much finer machinery to make wheat flour than it does to make corn meal."

"Wheat flour is so much finer, too," said Frank.

"Then there is a difference in wheat. The wheat we raise here is called winter wheat, because it is in the ground all winter. Wheat planted in the spring is called spring wheat. We used to think that only winter wheat made good flour. That was because the grains of spring wheat are harder than those of winter wheat. It used to be impossible to separate the husks from the rest of the grain. But all this was changed by the invention of a machine which could do it. The best flour we have now is made from spring wheat. The great wheat farms are far away to the northwest of us. The winters are very cold there, so the wheat is not planted until spring."

"Then it is all spring wheat," said Donald.

"Yes. I wish we could see one of those

great wheat farms. The country where they are is as flat as this floor. Not a tree is to be seen except in the ravines and along the streams. Instead of fields of a few acres, such as we have, they have miles and miles all planted with wheat."

"How do the farmers ever take care of such big fields?" asked Frank.

"Everything is done by machinery. When I was a boy wheat and rye were cut with a sickle, such as we use to cut the grass on the edges of the beds in the garden."

"You don't mean to say that farmers cut whole fields of rye with that kind of a knife?" exclaimed Frank.

"Yes, I do," said Mr. Leonard, "and it was back-breaking work. Then some one invented the cradle. I've cradled many an acre of rye."

"A cradle!" laughed Susie. "Why, that's what they rock babies in."

"This was a different kind of a cradle," said Mr. Leonard, laughing with Susie. "It was a scythe, with seven or eight long wooden fingers to catch the grain. Then Cyrus Mc-



Plowing on a great wheat farm.



Cormick invented the mowing machine, and then the reaping machine. Now the grain is cut, bundled, and loaded, all by one machine.

“On these great farms, from the plowing in the fall until the grain is stored in the elevators or sent to the big flour mills, it is all machine work. The plow is the smallest implement they use. Each plow has several blades, and is drawn by four or five horses. I have read that a hoe is never seen on one of these farms.”

“Then they can’t make hoe cake,” said Susie, laughing.

“The farms are so large that they are divided into sections. Men may work a whole season on one section without seeing those who work on another. A great many men work together. When they plow, there are often ten plows working one after another. In the same way the harrowing, seeding, cutting, and threshing are done.”

“Would you like to have one of those big farms, father?” asked Susie.

Mr. Leonard looked out across the pleasant garden and the orchard beyond.

"I am very well satisfied where I am, Susie," he said, smiling, as he took up his paper.

"I know I like our little farm best," said Mrs. Leonard.

"I wish I could see all those machines working," said Donald. "We think it is great fun when the threshing machine comes here. But just think what it must be there?"

"And just think how those great fields must look when the wheat is ripe!" said Frank.



## CHAPTER IX.

### MOTHER'S VISIT.

It was evening. The sun was setting clear and bright. A gentle breeze moved quietly over the meadows.

"Mother, dear," said Frank, "please come for a walk with us."

"Shall we go down by the river?" asked Mrs. Leonard.

"Oh, no, mother," said Susie. "I want you to see my playhouse. I've been fixing it up to-day. The boys may come if they'll be good."

"I don't care where we go, so long as mother is with us," said Donald, taking her hand as he walked by her side.

She smiled lovingly on them all.

"I wish I had three hands," she said, as Susie claimed the other one.

With a quick motion Frank thrust his head under her arm. Her hand and Susie's were clasped around his neck.

"I'll walk here," he said with a merry laugh.

It was the happiest time of the day to the children. They had their mother all to themselves, with nothing to do but to enjoy her.

They walked across the pasture to the house in the corner of the fence.

"Come in," said the little hostess. "Here's a chair for you, mother," leading her to where she sat when she rocked Marianna to sleep. "Frank can have the other seat. Don will have to sit on the floor with me."

"No, Susie," said Frank, "you take the chair. I'd just as soon sit on the floor."

"I'm going to sit here by mother," said Susie, dropping down at Mrs. Leonard's feet and laying her head against her mother's knee.

Donald settled himself on the other side, so Frank took the offered seat. It was made of the end of a log. He had sawed it off and

carried it into the playhouse for Susie when he was helping her build the house.

"How nice it looks!" said Mrs. Leonard "I think the person who lives here is a pretty good housekeeper; don't you, boys?"

Susie looked up with a happy smile at her mother's words of praise.

"But this is only a playhouse," said Donald, who liked to tease Susie.

"Well," said Susie, tossing her head at him, "I think a playhouse ought to be kept as nicely as a real one; don't you, mother?"

"I am sure a little girl who keeps a playhouse well will know how to take care of a real one," said the mother, laying her hand on the brown head at her knee.

"Please tell us a story, mother," said Susie. "Tell us about when you were a little girl."

It was the story they always wanted when they were very happy.

"I had a playhouse when I was a little girl," began Mrs. Leonard. "Instead of rail fences, we had stone walls where I used to live. There are a great many stones in New England.



**Mother's playhouse.**

I don't know what the farmers would do if they could not use them in making their fences.

"We had stone walls between all our fields and along the road. They were made from the stones which the farmers picked up off the plowed ground. In some places there were so many stones that they had to make the walls double.

"Our barn was close to the road. A great broad wall started at the side of the barn, and it was there that I had my playhouse."

"Was the wall high, mother? How did you get on top of it?" asked Susie.

"It was not as high as this fence. There were some big stones in the wall which stuck out at the sides and made fine steps. On top it was quite flat.

"Outside the wall there was a row of beautiful elm trees. There are a great many elm trees in New England. One of them grew close beside my house, and its branches made the loveliest roof that a house ever had. The leaves grew so thickly that only here and

there could I catch a glimpse of the blue sky through them.

"The barn was my back wall. But my china cupboard was the best of all. I wish you could have seen it, Susie. First, two bricks were laid down, just far enough apart for the ends of a shingle to rest on them. The shingle was laid on top; then two more bricks and another shingle. The broad shingles between the bricks were the shelves. Most of my china was blue and white."

"Like those plates that grandma gave you?" asked Frank.

"Yes, the very same kind. I picked them up about the yard. They just fitted on my shelves.

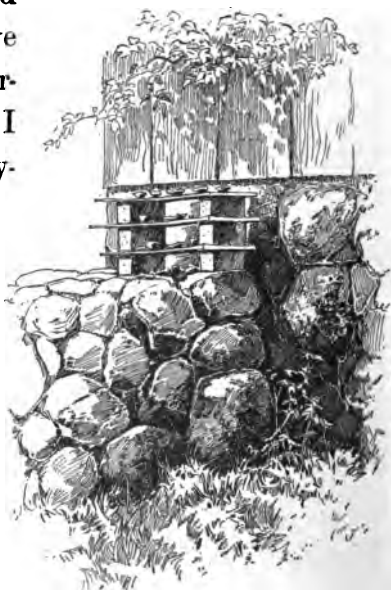
"I loved every little piece, but there was one that was dearer than all. It had a little blue and white shepherdess on it with a blue crook in her hand. That was my best platter. I used it only when I had company. But I had company almost every day, just so I might use it."



"Who was your company, mother?" asked Susie.

"Oh, your Aunt Harriet and your Aunt Caroline. You know they were little girls then, too. And our dolls came. They sat along the wall and ate whatever I gave them. I had wonderful things to eat. I made everything myself.

"My sugar was made from a white sandstone. I laid little pieces on a big granite boulder and pounded them until they were as fine as sugar.



The china cupboard.

"For flour I powdered a cream-colored sandstone, and I made brown sugar out of brown sandstone."

"Oh, what fun!" cried Susie. "I wish I

could have played with you when you were a little girl, mother. Do you think your playhouse is there yet?"

"No; the playhouse is gone. The barn and the stone wall are there, and the dear old elm tree. Your Uncle Robert was there not long ago. He wrote to me that he had never seen a more beautiful tree than it is."

"I wish we could go there some day," said Donald.

"I hope we may," replied his mother; "then you can see how lovely it really is."

"And I can build a playhouse just like yours on the same stone wall," said Susie. "Then I can make sugar and flour out of stones, and play I am you. I wish I could find some of that kind of stone here; then I could make sugar and flour in this house. What did you call it, mother?"

"Sandstone. There must be some pebbles of sandstone along the river. We will look some day."

"If we had stone walls on our farm, would it look like New England?" asked Frank.

"No, not at all. This country is too flat."

"There are some hills here—little ones," said Susie.

"But New England is all hills and mountains. You have never seen a mountain, but you will some day. Our farm was in a valley. The hills rise all around this valley. Back of the hills are the mountains. My uncle lived just at the foot of a mountain. I often went to visit him. Did I ever tell you about the play-house I had when I went there?"

"Oh, no, mother!" cried Susie. "Please tell us."

"There was a wood back of my uncle's house. The trees grew very close together. It was dark and damp and cool. The ground was covered with moss of every kind and color. I wish I could tell you all the wonderful things I found in that wood.

"One day I came upon an old tree with a great hollow in it close to the ground. It was only the shell of a tree, and yet it was alive.

"I cleared out the decayed wood that had fallen down from the inside of the tree. I

lined it with soft green moss, which I dug up in the woods. I also covered the ground all about the tree with it. How beautiful it was!



The hollow tree.

“Then I played I was a squirrel. A little squirrel was never happier with his tree house than I with my moss-lined one.

“Two years after, when I went there

again, what do you think I found? The moss was still growing inside and all around the foot of the tree. Many beautiful flowers had come up in the moss."

"How did they get there, mother?" asked Frank.

"The seeds must have been in the moss when I placed it there. They lay still in their mossy bed until it was time for them to grow; then they turned my little squirrel house into a flower garden. But see, it has grown quite dark. We must be going home."

"Oh, mother, please sing the cuckoo song before we go."

So Mrs. Leonard sang:





And the cuck - oo's song is heard



Float - ing on the eve - ning breeze.



Cuck - oo!..... Cuck - oo!.....



Float - ing on the eve - ning breeze.

Then they walked home hand in hand as  
the moon rose over the river.



Moonlight.

## CHAPTER X.

### IN THE BARN.

"DONALD! Donald! Where are you, Don?"

"I'm here," answered Donald from the hayloft. "Come on up."

Frank climbed the ladder that led to the loft. No Donald could be seen.

"Where are you, anyway?" called Frank.

"Here."

Led by the sound of his voice, Frank found him. Beside the wide-open sliding door Donald was lying in a heap of sweet hay.

"What are you doing?" asked Frank, sliding down beside him.

"Oh, not much of anything."

Frank pushed his old straw hat onto the back of his head and stretched himself out.

Such comfort!

The sweet odor of the hay filled the air. Through the open door they could see the



In the hayloft.

trees swaying in the wind. The rain was driven in sheets across the meadow.

Over their head they heard the music of the rain on the roof, and the soft cooing of the pigeons among the eaves.

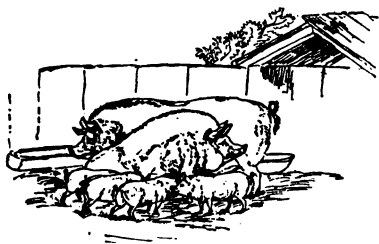
From the stalls below came the sound of munching hay, the stamp of the horses' feet, and the swish of their long tails.



With low contented grunts the pigs in the pen near by welcomed the cool rain as it fell on their hot, fat backs.

There was a loud cackling in the hen-house.

"Cut-cut-cut-ca-da-cut! Come, come, see what I've done!" called the hen over and over



The pigs.

again. Her neighbors must all know about it at once, and who could tell the story so well as herself?

From the tool house came the sharp rasping of a file. Rainy days were just the times to sharpen the saws, axes, and scythes. All the sounds taken together made the deep, restful stillness of a rainy day in the country.

At last Donald spoke :

“I wonder when Uncle Robert will come.”

“So do I. Do you think he’ll like it here as well as he does in New York?”

“Mother says he likes the country better than he does the city.”

“I’d like to see New York,” said Donald.  
“It must be grand.”

“I’ll tell you what I’m going to do when I’m a man, Don,” said Frank. “I’m going to travel round the world and visit all the places we read about in books. I want to see for myself what they’re like. Reading about them is all right, but I want to see them.”

“I’d like that too,” said Donald. “When you go I’ll go with you, Frank. I’d rather see the animals than anything else—see them at home, you know, and find out how they live. Then I’d bring back all I could get, and have a menagerie right here on our farm. Wouldn’t that be great? I’d have lions and tigers and bears and buffaloes, and oh, ever so many more!”

"You'd have your hands full to manage some of those animals," laughed Frank.

"I'd manage them," said Donald, with shining eyes. "I never saw the animal yet that I couldn't manage."

"Do you remember the time you tried to catch Nell in the pasture and she didn't want to be harnessed?" said Frank, laughing. "She'd come up and put out her tongue for the salt; then she'd put back her ears, kick up her heels, and run away."

"Do you know what I think?" said Donald. "I think Nell does that just for fun."

They looked in silence out on the wet fields.

"Father says there used to be bears here," said Frank at last, "and buffaloes too."

"Not since he has been here," said Donald.

"Oh, no. They always go away when people come around."

"The Indians were here then, weren't they?"

"Yes, but somehow Indians know how to get along with bears and buffaloes."

"Perhaps it is because they are wild too. I say, Frank, when we begin to travel, let's go all over this country first. Just think of being away out on the plains and seeing a great herd of buffaloes come galloping toward us!"

"Father saw a herd of buffaloes when he was out there; but he says there are very few of them left. Bears are found only away up in the mountains now."

"I hope I can find a few for my menagerie," laughed Donald.

"I'd like to see you try to tame a buffalo or a bear," said Frank. "You'd run at the sight of one."

"I wouldn't," declared Donald. "I believe if you like an animal you can get along with it. And I like every one I have ever seen."

"I wonder if liking them does make a difference," said Frank.

"Of course it does," said Donald. "You

know how much better all our animals act when we're kind to them. Why shouldn't it be the same with others?"

"It's a shame to abuse any animal," said Frank. "But I do believe the horses understand when we talk to them."

"So do the sheep, and the cows, and the chickens," said Donald. "They all do; but of course, horses understand the best. There's Nell. She knows every word we say to her."

Donald raised himself on his elbow and gave a clear whistle which rang among the rafters.

Instantly there was a sound of restless moving hoofs on the floor below.

Another whistle. This time a low, eager whinny answered.

"That's Nell," said Frank. "How different her voice is from Dick's!"

"She knows we're up here," said Donald, "and she wants some company. I'm going to see her."

He scrambled out of the hay and was

gone. In a moment Frank heard him talking to Nell as she stood in her stall.

In her own way Nell told him how glad she was to see him. She did not need to say



In the stall.

it in words. Her velvety nose was thrust into his hand. Her big friendly eyes looked into his face. She put her head down and rubbed her face gently against his shoulder.

"It's all right," he said, stroking her smooth white neck. "I understand. You're tired standing here alone, aren't you? Well, wait a little longer. It'll stop raining soon; then

the pasture will be nicer than ever. You wouldn't like it out there now."

Nell's nostrils quivered as if she were trying to speak. Her sides heaved with a long, contented sigh.

A big black fly settled on her white flank. With a quick fling of her tail she switched it off, and stamped her foot with impatience.

In a moment the swish of a tail and the stamp of a hoof were heard in the next stall.

"Hello, Dick, what's the matter with you?" called Donald.

He left Nell and went into Dick's stall to stroke his nose and pat his broad, strong back. Dick looked very happy. A rainy day when he could stay quietly in the barn was a treat to him. The rest was good after the long, hot days in the fields.

Donald went to the barn door. The clouds were breaking away. The rain was over.

"Father," he called, going to the door of the tool house, "it is clearing off. Shall I let the horses out?"

"Yes, Donald," replied Mr. Leonard.  
"Let them into the twenty-acre lot; then



Turning the grindstone.

come and turn the grindstone for me while I sharpen the axe."

Donald led the horses from the stalls. They sniffed the moist air with delight, and started in a wild gallop across the field, with their tails in the air. Then they settled down



and began to nibble the grass so fresh and sweet with the rain still on it.

Donald joined his father. Soon the sharp "buzz, buzz" of the axe on the whirling grindstone called Frank from his dreams in the hayloft to see what was going on.



## CHAPTER XI.

### BIRDS' NESTS.

THEY had not forgotten Uncle Robert's letter about the birds. All summer, wherever they went, they were always looking for them and their nests. They listened to their songs and noticed their plumage.

Susie wandered in the woods about her playhouse. One day she went to the pond from which the creek flowed. Some black-birds were swinging on the bushes that grew about the pond. Susie could see bright red and gold bands on their wings. Tall reeds grew up among the bushes. Susie saw a number of them fastened together near the top by what looked like a bunch of dry grass. She tried to go nearer, but the ground was too wet and soft. As she moved, a blackbird flew from the bunch of reeds.



**Blackbird's nest.**

"Oh, it's a nest! I wish I could see into it."

But her feet sank in the soft mud. The reeds to which the deep, basket-shaped nest was woven grew too far out in the water.

"I just believe you knew we couldn't walk in the pond when you put it there," said Susie. "Is that your 'reason why'?"

She turned away. Then the whole family of blackbirds began to whistle and sing in triumph.

One day Donald went to the woods to look for a calf that had strayed away. He came to a place where the trees grew very close. A wild grapevine bound the branches together so thickly that no ray of sunlight could shine through. Donald crept into the thicket.

"Cluck!" came from the dry leaves at his feet. A bird flew from the thicket. It was so nearly the color of the dead leaves that Donald had almost stepped on it without seeing it was there.

He looked down. There on the ground he saw two eggs. They were white, with

brown spots on them. They lay in a small hollow in the dead leaves.

"A ground builder," thought Donald; "if that can be called a nest. I wonder what bird it is."

He could find no sign of the bird. As he walked away he came to a fallen tree-trunk. He was about to step over it. Then, what he had thought only a raised place in the bark spread wings and noiselessly flew into the thicket. The bird was not perched crosswise of the log or he could have seen it. It was lying lengthwise, with head down and wings folded close about it.

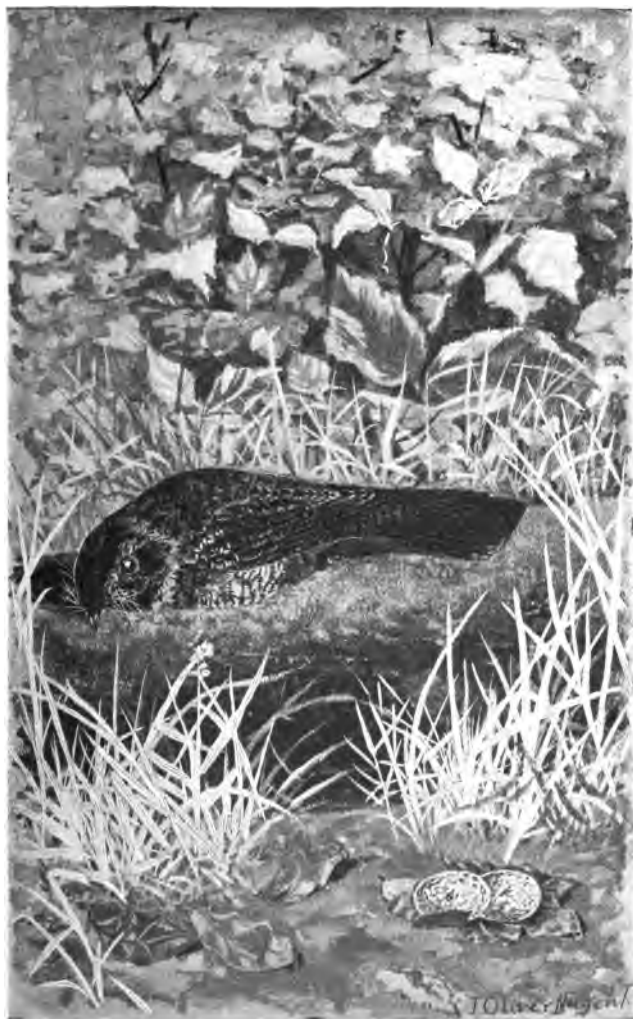
"Well, you are cute!" said Donald aloud. "But I've seen what you use for a nest, anyhow."

When he told the family about it Mr. Leonard said at once:

"It was a whip-poor-will."

"O Donald," cried Susie, "please take me to see its eggs!"

"Then perhaps we will see the whip-poor-will too," said Donald.



Whip-poor-will and nest.

But the bird was always too quick for them.

One morning Donald said to Frank:

"Our work is all done now. Let's go fishing."

"All right. It's a good day for fish."

They were soon ready. Then away they went through the cornfield by the creek path to the river. They drew out the boat and were soon floating down the stream. A steep bank rose opposite their farm. Below there was a change. The lowland was on the farther side, and the high steep bank was on theirs.

"Here's a good place," said Frank.

He drew the boat into a quiet little cove. Donald let down the anchor. The lines were baited and thrown into the stream. They sat still and waited. Then Frank pointed across the river to where a dead tree leaned over the water.

"Look!" he whispered.

Another fisherman was perched upon the dead tree. He wore a white vest with a blue belt around it, a steel-blue coat with square-

cut tails, and a blue-gray hat that bristled like a Cossack's. His head was cocked on one side. His keen eyes were fixed upon the quiet stream. Suddenly he plunged downward into the water. The next moment he was back on his perch. A fish was just disappearing within his long sharp bill.

"There's no hope for us with a kingfisher around," said Frank.

The quick ears of the bird caught the sound of his voice. Away he flew with a loud, rattling cry.

"Let's watch him," said Donald, laying down his pole.

The kingfisher darted along by the steep bank and was gone.

"What has become of him?" asked Donald. "Let's go and see."

They rowed across the river to the bank. There they saw a round hole.

"It must be his nest," said Frank. "But how can we find out?"

"He's in there now," said Donald. "We might poke him out with a stick."





J.O. Nugent.

Kingfishers and nest.

"He'd have a right to peck our eyes out if we did that," said Frank. "Let's go on down the river. When we come back he may be gone."

They rowed close to the high bank. The current was swift and the water deep. The boat glided along without rowing. Frank steered it with his oar. The air was full of little birds darting here and there and skimming over the water.

"They are bank swallows," said Frank.

"Oh, see their holes!" cried Donald. "There are hundreds of them. Let's look into them."

"Here is an eddy where we can turn the boat round and land," said Frank.

They climbed up the steep bank. The little birds peeped out of their holes and darted away

"What a deep hole this is!" said Frank. "I can't see the end of it. The swallows must work hard to dig their holes so deep."

"Here is one not more than a foot deep," said Donald. "I can put my hand clear down

to the end. Oh, I've found the nest! It is made of soft feathers and grass. There are two eggs in it. I wonder what color they are."

"The eggs are white," said Frank. "I've seen them."

The boys scrambled back to the boat. A rush of wings and a hoarse cry sounded over their heads.

"The kingfisher!" cried Donald. "Now we can see his nest."

But the kingfisher had dug his hole very deep. The boys could not see to the bottom of it. As they went homeward Donald said, "This has been more fun than fishing."

"That kingfisher is as safe in his deep hole as he would be in the top of a high tree," said Frank; "and he has only to step to his front door to get his food."

"And the little swallows too," said Donald. "But I wonder what they like about the river bank."

"Swallows feed on insects," said Frank. "There are lots of them down here."

"If they only like mosquitoes," said Donald, "they'll never go hungry."

And not very long after Donald found out that mosquitoes are the insects which bank swallows like best.

When they reached home Susie was watching for them.

"O boys," she cried, "I saw the dearest hummingbird in the garden! It was all green and gold on its

back, and the loveliest red on its throat. It flew so fast I could hardly see it. It just darted at one flower after another without stopping a second; then it flew away. I ran



Hummingbirds and nest.

as fast as I could to see where it went. I think it's in your maple tree, Frank."

"I'll climb up and see if I can find a nest," said Frank.

He looked carefully along each branch as he went. Suddenly close to his face he heard a sharp cry and the hum of wings. He was so surprised he almost fell out of the tree.

"There it is!" cried Susie, who was watching from the ground.

On a limb so close to his hand that he had almost crushed it Frank found the nest. On the inside it was made of down and fine wool. The outside was covered with the lichens that grow on the bark of the trees. The nest was about one inch and a half across and three fourths of an inch deep. Two tiny white eggs lay in it.

Frank slipped quickly from the tree. Up among the branches he could hear the two birds peeping faintly.

"I'm sorry I frightened them so," said Frank, as he told Donald and Susie about

the nest; "but I almost touched them before I saw them."

They sat down to watch. Soon the hummingbirds flew toward the nest. Then all was still.

"They're all right now," said Susie.

In the evenings, after the work was done, they usually talked over what they had seen during the day.

"I saw a woodpecker fly out of its nest today," said Frank one evening. "I think it was the downy woodpecker. Its head wasn't red."

"It must have been the female," said Mr. Leonard. "The male has a small red spot on top of his head."

"I climbed the tree to see the woodpecker's nest," continued Frank. "It was a round hole in the dead limb of a poplar tree. I just managed to squeeze my hand into it, but I couldn't reach the bottom. I found out how deep it was, though."

"How?" asked Donald.

"Why, I had a piece of lead in my pocket.

I tied a string to it and let it down into the nest."

"Oh, you must have broken the eggs!" cried Susie.

"No, I didn't. I thought of that, and let it down very carefully."

"How deep was it?" asked Donald.

"Here's the string," taking it from his pocket.

Susie brought the ruler to measure it. It was ten inches long.

"Do woodpeckers make their holes?" asked Donald, "or do they find them already made, as squirrels do?"

"They make them," said Mr. Leonard.

"But what puzzles me," said Frank, "is what becomes of all the wood they take out of them. I couldn't find a chip anywhere about the tree."

"I don't know. You'll have to write and ask Uncle Robert about that," said Mr. Leonard.

"I wish he were here," said Donald. "There are so many things we can't find out by ourselves."

"I think you are doing very well," replied his mother with an encouraging smile. "If you keep on you may be able to tell Uncle Robert some things he does not know."

"Not very likely," said Frank, "but we'll keep on."

"We just can't stop," said Susie.



## CHAPTER XII.

### THE HOME GARDEN.

"HERE are some flowers for you, mother. They grew in my garden."

"Was there ever such a garden as your woods garden, dear? It has been growing and blooming for you all summer. They are beautiful!"

The mother took the flowers in her hand. There were asters, white, blue, and purple; cardinal flowers and blazing star, bright with the rich colors of autumn; some late golden-rod; and the shy fringed gentians, which only sharp eyes can discover.

"I found them all in my garden," said Susie. "Everything has grown there this year; even flowers that I used to find only in the meadow. I believe they did it just for me."



Winter scene.

"I never saw a garden where so many beautiful flowers grow," said Mrs. Leonard.

"Of course, mother, it was only a play garden; but that's the best kind to have at a playhouse. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Leonard. "But would you like to have a real garden like mine?"

"Oh, yes, mother! Where can I have one?"

"I will give you a part of mine."

"And may I plant seeds in it? Oh, how nice! Let's go and see about it now."

Susie ran into the garden. Mrs. Leonard followed.

The fall flowers, crowding along the paths, proudly held up their heads, crowned with purple, crimson, and gold.

The cornstalks hung their tasseled heads;



Goldenrod.

their yellow leaves were limp and rustling. The green and purple cabbage heads wore full ruffs of yellow and brown.

"I want to have flowers in my garden," said Susie.

"Would you like to have all of the flower garden for yours?" asked Mrs. Leonard.

"It's pretty big," said Susie doubtfully.

"But the boys will help about the hard work," said Mrs. Leonard.

"So they will! May I have just what I want in it? When shall I plant the seeds?"

"When do you think would be the best time?"

Mrs. Leonard watched the eager little face with a smile.

"Oh, I forgot," said Susie. "It's almost



Asters.

winter. Spring is the time to plant seeds. But I want to plant something now. I wish there wouldn't be any winter this year."

"The garden needs the winter, little daughter," said Mrs. Leonard.

"Why, mother, it kills everything! How does it need it?"

"The garden has worked hard all summer, dear. Just think of all it has given to us! It needs a rest. So the frost will put the flowers to sleep, and the snow will come and spread a white blanket over them. They will sleep well under their soft covering. When the garden is ready to work again the sun will take the white blanket off. Then the flowers will wake up, and it will be spring."

"Why must we wait until spring to plant the seeds if they go to sleep any how?" asked Susie. "Why can't we plant them now?"

"Some seeds can be planted in the fall. You know the morning-glories by the piazza come up every year without planting. They drop their own seeds. But other seeds don't sleep long. They want to begin work as soon

as they get in the ground. If they're planted in the fall they begin to grow. Then Jack Frost comes along and catches them."

"What shall I do with my garden all winter?" asked Susie. She didn't like to wait any more than a restless little seed.

"Oh, we'll make a plan for it. Then you can write to Uncle Robert and have him send us some new seeds."

"Oh, goody!" cried Susie. "That's what I'll do. Come, mother, let's go in and write to him now. I can't write a letter without you to help, you know."



Susie writing the letter.

So Susie wrote to Uncle Robert about her garden. This is her letter:

"DEAR UNCLE ROBERT: I have a truly garden of my own. I am going to have flow-

ers in it. It was mother's garden. She gave it to me. I am going to plant seeds in it. I can't plant them now. Winter will be here soon. Are there any flowers in New York? Do you have a garden? Mother sends her love to you. We have nine little pigs. We wish you would come to see us soon.

"From your dear                    SUSIE."

Uncle Robert always answered such letters at once. With his answer to this one came some bulbs to plant in the garden.

"What funny roots!" said Susie.

"They are not roots at all," said Mrs. Leonard. "The roots are the little branches in the ground that take food for plants from the soil. Bulbs are little storehouses where the plants keep the food until they need to use it."

"Will flowers grow on these bulbs?" asked Susie. "They look like onions."

"They will have very beautiful flowers," said Mrs. Leonard.

"These that look like onions are marked

tulips," said Frank, reading from the paper around them."

"What are the big fat ones?" asked Susie.

"Hyacinths," read Frank; "and these are crocuses. The little ones are snowdrops."

"The brave little crocuses and snowdrops that come so early in the spring," said Mrs. Leonard.

"Oh, won't it be fun to see them grow!" cried Susie. "I can hardly wait. Will you help me plant them, Frank?"

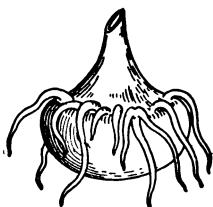
"We'll have a bed for each kind," said Mrs. Leonard.

Frank made the beds ready with great care. Then the bulbs were placed in the rich earth.

The trees had changed their bright-green dresses for those of red and gold. The red and gold soon faded to a dull brown. The branches rustled in the wind. The brown



Hyacinth.



Tulip.



Crocus.



leaves fell to the ground and danced across the bare brown fields. The keen wind drove them into great piles in the fence corners.

Late one afternoon Susie stood by the window looking out. The clouds were gray and cold. The wind whistled sharply around the corner of the house. As Susie breathed against the window little feathers and ferns began to grow on the cold pane.

"Mother," she called, "it's snowing! There's a flake. Oh, there are lots of them!"

Mrs. Leonard came to the window.

"The old woman is picking her geese," she said, smiling.

The air was full of the little white feathers. By dark it was snowing hard. In the morning the brown earth was changed to one of purest white.

"My garden has a thick blanket over it now," said Susie.

"It is a fine thing for it," said her father. "A snow like this on the fields always helps the crops next year."

And so the winter came.

One Saturday when the boys were home from school Donald said :

“Let’s play ‘fox and geese.’ Come on, Frank, and mark off the square.”

“Where shall we make it?” asked Frank.



Fox and geese.

“The garden is always the best place,” said Donald. “The snow is so smooth out there.”

“I’ll come too,” said Susie.

“You hold Barri, Susie,” said Frank, “until we get the paths made. He’ll spoil the snow

with his big paws if he runs all over the garden."

So Susie stood with her hand on Barri's collar while the boys tramped out the paths.

First there was a large square. Then from each corner ran other paths that crossed in the center. Here a large round place was packed down for the fox's den. The goose ran around the path that made the square. If he were caught he was taken home by the fox to his den.

"Now it's ready!" called Donald. "Come on, Susie! I'll be the fox!"

Such a wild chase! The crisp, frosty air rang with shout and laughter. Barri was full of fun and frolic. He ran and rolled in the snow. He seemed to think the gay romp was all for his benefit.

"Look out, Barri!" cried Susie, "the fox is coming! Don't get in my way!"

But Barri, with his nose in the snow and his shaggy tail waving in the air, blocked the way. The fox caught his goose and carried her to his den.

◆

"You couldn't have caught me if Barri had played fair!" cried Susie, with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, as Donald ran off after Frank.

And under the deep white snow the garden lay sleeping.



## CHAPTER XIII.

### UNCLE ROBERT'S LETTER.

WHEN Uncle Robert sent the bulbs to Susie there was a message in his letter to Frank and Donald.

"Ask the boys," he wrote, "to tell me how the animals in your woods spend the winter. Are they doing anything now to get ready for it? I am in no hurry, The boys may take all winter to answer the questions."

"I wonder why Uncle Robert asked us," said Donald.

"I should think he could find out more about them in books," said Frank.

"Perhaps he doesn't know what animals live in our woods," said Susie. "He's never lived here, you know."

"I know what some of them are doing," said Donald. "The squirrels are carrying

away all the corn and nuts they can get. They hide them somewhere."

"The chipmunk that lives under the stump near my house is working hard too," said Susie.

"I'm going to watch him," said Donald.

"Come to my house," said Susie; "that's the best place to see him."

"They have other ways of getting ready for winter besides storing nuts and grain," said Mr. Leonard. "If you could catch one of the little fellows you would see."

"Their fur gets thicker, doesn't it?" asked Donald.

"Yes," said Frank, "and all the animals we have ever caught in the fall were very fat. That must help them some way or other."

"I'll tell you, Frank," said Donald, "we'll find out all about them. Then you can write it down."

"Let's each write a letter," said Susie. "I'll tell about the chipmunk."

"We'll have to write down what we see



**Where the woodchuck lived.**

every day," said Frank. "We'll forget it if we don't."

"Say we do," said Donald. "Then when we have enough to make a good long letter we'll all write it together. Uncle Robert will like that."

"I will make some little notebooks for you," said their mother.

So she took some sheets of letter paper, folded them in the middle, and sewed them together. Then she tied a little pencil to the top. She made a book for each of the children.

Day after day Donald went to the playhouse with Susie to watch the chipmunk.

The gay little fellow with the five stripes on his back was too busy to notice them. He was used to Susie, and as Donald kept very quiet he saw no harm in him either.

Along the fence he ran and leaped to the ground. He darted into his hole, and was gone! A moment more, and he was perched on top of the stump over the hole, chattering and laughing in glee. Then off and away!

Donald watched him closely. After a



while he saw that somehow when he came out of the hole he did not look as he did when he went into it. His face looked much broader when he went in than when he came out.

"I wonder why," whispered Donald to Susie.

One day when Donald was watching some squirrels under the hickory trees the chipmunk appeared. Nuts were scattered thickly on the ground.



The chipmunk on a stump.

The chipmunk took one in his mouth, then a second, a third, and a fourth. He seemed to swallow them whole.

"How can he?" thought Donald.

Then he saw that the cheeks of the little animal looked as though badly swollen. A nut could be seen between his teeth.

"Well, I never!" he exclaimed so loudly

that the chipmunk's little heart gave a jump as he scampered away home.

"He doesn't swallow them at all. He carries them home in his cheeks. I understand now. I wish I could see into your house, Mister Chipmunk."

Donald followed him and looked under the stump. He could see a hole, but that was all.

"Did the chipmunk dig his hole?" asked Susie as they talked it over.

"He must have," said Donald.

"But I can't see what he did with the dirt he took out of it," said Frank. "There isn't a bit of it lying by the hole."

They would have been more surprised than ever if they had known how far into the ground the hole went, and of the rich store there.

Sometimes they saw the squirrels hide nuts in the ground. But usually they carried them into the trees. What they did with them there could not be seen.

One day Donald climbed a tree to find out.

He knew it must be a fine, large house to hold the two big squirrels that went whisking up and down the trees so busily. How they did scold and chatter from the trees near by as they saw him!

They kept on the side of the tree away from him. He could see their bushy tails waving wildly, and hear their excited voices. In a limb he found a large hole. He could see nothing. He put in his hand. His arm was not long enough to reach the end of the hollow.

"They have lots of room, anyhow," he said as he slid down out of the tree.

When they saw the way clear the two squirrels skipped up to their nest. With a whisk of their tails they disappeared. A moment more and they were busy gathering nuts again. Their storehouse was safe. They had made no mistakes when they chose the hollow limb to hide their nuts in.

"I wish I could have seen in there," said Donald when he told Frank and Susie about it.

Mr. Leonard, who sat by the table reading, looked over his paper.

"I have cut down hollow trees where squirrels lived," he said. "Sometimes I have found as much as a bushel of nuts in one tree."

"Oh, my!" said Susie. "How can they ever carry so many!"

"And they won't take any but the best," said Frank.

One day Donald and Susie were walking through the woods beside the creek. They saw a hole in the bank. A mound of earth, which must have come from the hole, lay before it.

"What's this?" said Donald. "See, here is the print of a paw. Some animal lives in there. I wonder what it is."

"Oh, do you think it is a bear?" whispered Susie, taking hold of Donald's sleeve.

"Bear!" he exclaimed. "What nonsense, Susie! Bears don't live in these woods. More likely it is a woodchuck. This track looks like a woodchuck's paw."

"Let's watch for him to come out," said Susie.

But the woodchuck did not show himself that day. The next evening, as the sun was



The woodchuck.

setting, they came again to look for him.

"Hush! What's that?"

They stopped suddenly.

Before his door, perched upon his little mound, sat the woodchuck. His head was held up stiff and straight. His short fore legs hung limply at his side. His quick ears had caught the sound of steps. With one plunge he was gone into the hole.

When the days grew cold they saw no more of the woodchuck. They went to the burrow. The door was closed fast with sticks and grass.

"He must be inside," said Frank.

"I wonder if he stores up nuts, as the squirrels and chipmunks do," said Donald.

"I don't believe woodchucks eat nuts," said Frank.

"Well, I shouldn't think anything else would keep all winter," said Donald.

When they asked their father about it, he told them that the woodchuck does not need to store food. He gets very fat in the fall; then he goes to bed and sleeps so soundly all winter that he is not even hungry.

The children took many walks on winter days. They never saw the chipmunk.

One bright, sunny day they saw the bushy tail of a squirrel. Its owner was quite hidden in the hole he was digging down through the snow. Then with a jerk he brought his little body up upon his haunches. He held a nut between his paws.

Such a feast as he had while Donald and Susie watched him from behind a tree! When he could eat no more he ran away.

"He must have known the nuts were here," said Donald, as they looked at the pile of shells which the squirrel had left.

"He couldn't have known unless he hid them himself," said Susie.

"Even then I don't see how he ever found them," said Donald.

"But we know he did," said Susie.

One cold winter morning as they were on their way to school a rabbit darted out into the road. A moment more and it was gone into the woods.

"Just see that fellow run!" said Donald.  
"And look at these tracks in the snow."

They looked at the tracks closely.



"I say, Don,"  
said Frank at last,  
"here's something  
curious. I believe  
the two hind tracks

Rabbit tracks.

that are close together are made by the fore feet."

"Then those in front must be made by the hind feet," said Donald. "How can that be?"

"Why, don't you know how they leap when they run! They might bring a hind foot up on each side of the front ones."

"Well, I do believe it's so," said Donald, who was still looking at the tracks.

"There must be a whole family of rabbits about here," said Frank. "See how many tracks there are!"

"Oh, I wonder if Puffy and Fluffy are with them!" said Donald. "How can they find enough to eat when the ground is covered with snow? I hope they're not hungry."

"I have never seen rabbits storing up food. Have you?" asked Frank.

"No," said Donald; "and we know they don't sleep in the winter. There goes another one! See, he does put his hind feet in front! You're right! I wonder what Uncle Robert will say when we tell him that."

"When shall we write the letter?" asked



Frank. "I didn't think we'd have so much to tell him ; did you ? "

"No," said Donald. "My notebook is full. What fun it has been to find out about it all ! Let's not stop when the letter is written, Frank. There must be ever so much that we haven't found out yet."

"We'll write the letter this evening," said Frank. "Come on ; there's the bell ! We'll be late."

They ran into the schoolhouse and slipped into their seats just as the tardy bell struck.

They had so much to tell Uncle Robert that it took more than one evening to write the letter. But it was sent at last.

Uncle Robert read it late one afternoon in his office in New York. He did not know which pleased him most, what they told him, or that they were going to try to learn more.

"I believe in those boys," he said to himself—"and dear little Susie, too. I must go and see them before they are much older."

THE END.









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**If the item is recalled, the borrower will be notified of the need for an earlier return. (Non-receipt of overdue notices does not exempt the borrower from overdue fines.)**

	<div data-bbox="588 420 958 682"><b>WIDENER</b> WIDENER JUL 2 8 2008 JUL 2 8 2008 <b>CANCELLED</b></div>

*Thank you*

Digitized by *our collection!*

